

CORBETT-BRITT FIGHT BY ROUNDS

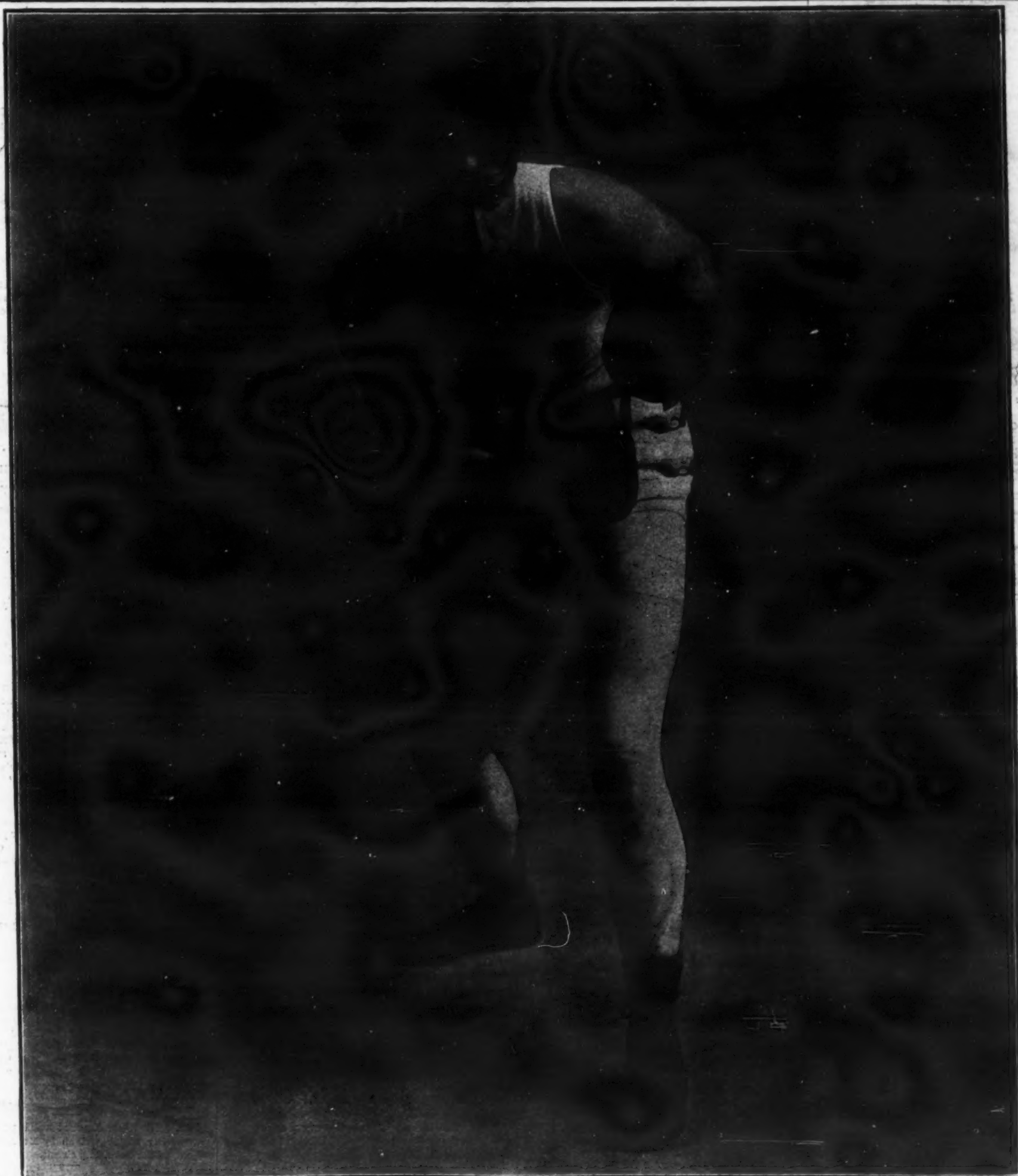
THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN THE WORLD.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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Price, 10 Cents.



JIMMY BRITT.

HE WAS AWARDED THE DECISION OVER YOUNG CORBETT, AT SAN FRANCISCO ON MARCH 25, IN A SPLENDIDLY CONTESTED BATTLE.



RICHARD K. FOX,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY.

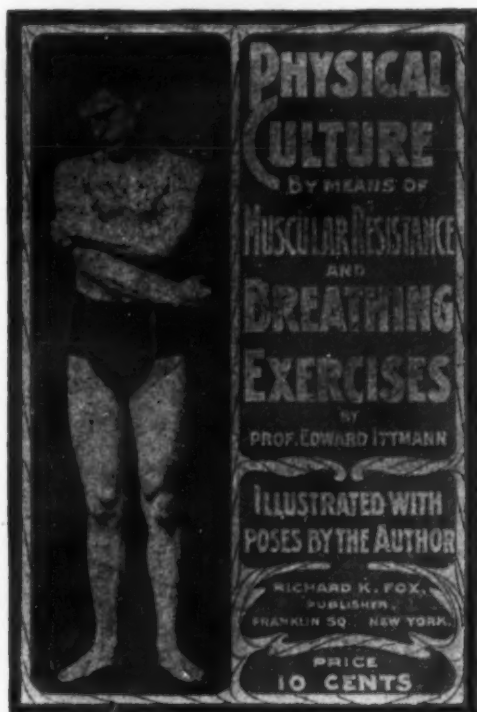
Saturday, April 9, 1904.

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ALL SPORTS

Connie Mack thinks his Athletics are stronger than when they won the pennant.

McLean, the Cardinals new catcher, is the tallest man playing baseball; his height is six feet four inches.

It looks, unless Mayor Harrison of Chicago changes his mind, as though there will not be any racing at Washington Park this season.

"Pink" Hawley wants to pitch for the Toledo club this season, and the indications at present are that Herman Long will give him a trial.

Manager Ned Hanlon's Superbas will play the Orioles on April 12 and 13, the day before the opening game of the League season in Brooklyn.

H. Phillips was the leading jockey at the New Orleans meeting. He won sixty-six races out of 357 mounts, and finished in the money 181 times.

C. K. G. Billings, owner of Lou Dillon, the world's champion trotter, has returned from California, and his fast trotters and pacers will shortly be seen in the East.

Should McChesney win several of the handicaps this season he will prove himself a most wonderful horse, as he is allotted top weight in nearly all his engagements.

George Stedman, a famous English wrestler, who held the championship of the world at the Cumberland and Westmoreland styles, died at Westmoreland, England, recently.

A big cocking main took place recently at New Haven, Conn., between Bridgeport and New Haven birds. Thirteen battles were fought, the honors going to New Haven, eight to five.

President Havenor, of the Milwaukee Baseball Club, offered to allow any ambitious manager \$1,000 as a bonus to run his club as now constituted, and pay the same salaries. There were no acceptances.

The wrestling game is on the boom, challenges flying everywhere. Those who would be posted on all the fine points of the game should get George Bothner's book, price 25 cents; mailed from this office two cents extra.

Norman Dole, son of a former President of Hawaii, at Stanford, Cal., on March 23, broke the world's amateur record for the pole vault, crossing the bar at twelve feet and three-fourths of an inch, which is two and one-fourth inches above the record held by R. G. Clapp of Yale.

FROM THE MIMIC WORLD

—BEHIND THE SCENES AND IN THE GREEN ROOM—

OF PLAYS AND PLAYERS

Interesting Gossip Picked Up Here and There About the Artists Playing the Continuous Houses.

PROFESSIONAL NEWS SOLICITED FOR THIS PAGE.

Princess Chinquilla on the Proctor Circuit—Louise Dresser Doing Well—Violet Staley in Vaudeville—Theatrical Gossip.

Tom Hogan has joined hands with Frank Haines, and the team will be known as Hogan and Haines.

Bryant and Saville have secured the Troubadour Four (Nat Wixon, Harry Thornton, Wm. Fuller and Burt Eaton), also James Weltzell, America's hoop roller and club swinger, for their minstrel show, which

Winfield and Martin, musical performers, of Culhane, Chace & Weston's Minstrels, have taken in Billy Golder as a partner.

Eddie Collins, who for the past two seasons has been appearing as "the double" in the Rayn's "A Hot Old Time" Company, will at the close of this season produce in the leading vaudeville houses his one-

vaudeville featuring two songs by Feist and Barron, "She's The Pride And The Pet Of The Lane" and "My Little Zu-oo-co-lu."

Miss Flora will go to Europe next summer to fill engagements.

Feldman and Bell, singers and dancers, open their summer vaudeville dates at the Crote Theatre, St. Louis, week of June 5, with the Crystal circuit to follow. They are booked solid.

Princess Chinquilla, The Indian Princess, who is now on the Proctor circuit, is featuring the one Indian song hit of the year, "Anona." Enthusiastic applause is the rule at every performance.

Carlson and Silverton are booked up for the entire summer. They open in April and close in October, and have two weeks in Luna Park, Coney Island, and time at J. W. Gorman's park and fair circuit.

Louise Dresser at the Circle Theatre recently was compelled to bow her acknowledgements time and again, until she pleaded lack of more verses, for her rendition of the new Irish song hit, "Mary Ann," which is published by Leo Feist.

Edney Ridge has been appointed manager of Lindley Park Casino, at Greensboro, N. C., for the coming season. Mr. Ridge will place this summer theatre in the circuit of parks that the Rees-Sellers Company are booking through the South.

Frank F. Moore, who has been staging the numbers for the new Standard Theatre, Houston, Tex., writes in to say that he has used all the late songs published by Leo Feist as

big numbers, and that they never fail to go big with the audience. He especially mentions "My Little Zu-oo-co-lu."

Billy W. Watson, who is with Watson's Americans, has signed with Hurlig & Seamon for next season.

Guy and Aggie Button opened on the Novelty circuit and report meeting with success. They are booked to the coast.

James R. Purvis has severed his connection with the "A Run on the Bank" Company and will return to vaudeville.

William Collins and George Harvey, comedy acrobats, have been playing clubs all winter and are booked solid for the summer.

Wilson and Davis report that they are meeting with big success on their Western trip, and have a return on the Keith circuit in May.

Harry Scott, baritone, has signed with the James Kennedy Company as a member of the Metropolitan Quartette and to do his specialty.

Harvey and Doane are now on the Proctor circuit and are edifying their listeners with the reigning ballad success "Somebody's Waiting for Me."

Dave Darden, musical comedian, after playing the Novelty circuit, is now working through Texas, breaking in a new act for the summer season.

Phil and Nettie Peters, the clever Western comedy singing and dancing act, now playing Eastern vaudeville houses, have recently placed in their act "While the Band Was Playing Dixie," "I Ain't Got No Time," "Mary Ann," "She's the Pride and the Pet of the Lane" and "My Little Zu-oo-co-lu." They are using the medley to repeated encores.

Mr. and Mrs. Lacart will produce their new society sketch, written by Mr. Lacart, at Seattle, Wash., on the Goldsmith circuit.

Mallory Brothers (Brooks and Halliday) after their season closes with the Fenberg Stock Company, have some good bookings in vaudeville.

Anybody can make their own cosmetics and perfumes if they have Fox's "Barber's Recipe Book," 25 cents; postage 2c. extra.



ON THE THEATRICAL BOULEVARD.

A Pair of Pretty Stage Costumes as Worn by a Pair of Pretty and Vivacious Burlesque Performers.

tours on Frank Melville's circuit of parks during the coming summer.

Martinetti and Martelle, acrobats, are rehearsing a new comedy skit, written for them by Jas. A. Barnes, entitled "The Unlucky Intruder."

Grace Diamond, late of Keiffer and Diamond, will hereafter be known as Grace Keiffer, in accordance with her husband's wish before he died.

Attila's Five-pound Dumb-bell Exercises, illustrated. Limited edition. Price 10 cents; postage 2 cents extra.

act farce, entitled "Mooney, the Expressman." Mr. Collins will be assisted by Madeline Keene.

Lulu Theis has finished seven successful weeks on the Colorado circuit, and is booked for thirty weeks in the Northwest and West.

Nichols and Croix write in to say that the two best songs of their repertoire are "Mary Ann" and "While the Band Was Playing Dixie," both published by Leo Feist.

Violet Staley, who recently closed with the George Monroe Company, will be seen again in

IF CHUCK WAS POLICE COMMISSIONER

What the Celebrated Bowery Boy Would Do if He Held Down That Kind of a Job.

WOULD MAKE "COPS" TAKE PLEDGE

Saloons and Dance Halls Would be Kept Open All Night and Station Houses Would be Compelled to Close Early.

No. 3.

"Some fresh bloke w'ot cum off de ice too soon was down to de reservation de odder night makin' some of his funny cracks.

"He cum from uptown and he t'inks he's de real Johnny-on-de-Spot, because he wore a biled shirt and changes his cuffs every t'ree days.

"I fell to him as soon as he got a knock-down

"I'd stake every cop wid a broom an' make him keep his post clean, and dat would keep him from spending too much time talkin' to de good-lookin' bundles and cooks on his beat.

"I'd keep de saloons open all nite, an' close de station houses at 12, an' if a cop found a bloke wid a load on, an' if he didn't bring him home an' put him to bed, I'd



Photo from Newman's Studio: New York City

"I ain't no dude," says Chuck. "an' I kin eat me dinner without putting on enny swell rags an' having a coon to keep de flies away from me when I tackle de grub, but I got a few ideas in me pilot-house, even if I do have to sign me name to checks wid an axe."

ter me, fur de first crack out er de box, he says: "Ha, Chuck, I hear you're goin' ter be made a Police Commissioner."

"Is dat so?" says I. "Well, it's time ter bld de devil good-day when yer see him, and dere's no such luck fer yours truly."

"But somehow dat idea got sunk in me nut, and on me way home to No. 8 I got t'inking it wouldn't be so bad after all if I did get de job. Dere's many a worse bloke dan me holding down a good swell job an' makin' de taxpayers shell out fer it.

"I ain't no dude an' I kin eat me dinner without putting on enny swell rags an' having a coon to keep de flies away from me when I tackle de grub, but I got a few ideas in me pilot-house, even if I do have ter sign me name to checks wid an axe.

"If I had dat kind of a job I'd make every copper from de Bronx to Coney Island take de pledge, and he'd have ter report ter me every morning an' carry de pledge wid him.

"Den fer anodder t'ing, I'd have a big bath in de back room of my office, and I'd make every cop take a bath so he cud turn out wid a clean mind.

"An' anodder t'ing; at 12 o'clock every day, I'd make dem go fer de working blokes dinners, an' in de night I'd make 'em give out hot coffee an' sinkers to all de regulars w'at would be carryin' de banner.

have him transferred to de underground perlice, an' I'd keep him dere until he raised himself.

"Dere's many a t'ing in de department dat ain't right and dat ought ter be fixed. I often read in de newspapers about a cop findin' some poor old bloke froze on his post, or layin' up an alley like he had a load on.

"W'ot does he do?

"Bing, wid his club on de feet.

"Den he lams fer de alarm box an' sends in a call fer a hurry-up wagon—you know, an ambulance. Well, along it comes, ringin' a bell like a fire alarm, an' den de doctor an' de cop t'rows de poor bum in, an' away he goes, hell bent fer de nursery—you know, de hospital—an' de poor bum croaks before he reaches de joint.

"I wouldn't hev nuttin' like dat, not on yer merry, merry.

"Dere'd be a swift change if I wuz de main squeeze.

"I'd make every cop carry a bottle of booze instead of a gun fer dere ain't no more danger in a bottle of booze dan dere is in a gun—one makes you shoot off an' de odder makes you shoot it off, see?

It is a good thing to know how to box, and the new "Police Gazette Book on Boxing" is just what you want. It is far and away the best on the market. 25c. Postage 3c. extra.

"Now, if a cop had dat booze wid him he could give de bloke a rap out of de bottle, an' maybe dat swig might save de poor guy's life until he'd get to de nursery, see?

"Maybe you t'ink de cops would drink de booze demselves? Nixey; I'd fix dat all right, but I'd have ter t'ink it over first. I got a good nut on me, but not enough fer dat at one t'row.

"An' now let me put yer next to somethin' an' it's dis. I don't know it all, an' sometimes I gets up agin a proposition dat's too strong fer me, de same as many an odder bloke. You know, dere ain't enny of us w'ot knows it all, even if we do look wise once in a while. So, w'en I gets so dat de w'eels in me nut don't go round enny more I steer fer home an' see me gal. She don't know it all, either, but she knows a little, an' it's enough fer me, an' besides, she's on de level wid me. Bundles are flyer dan men, ennyhow, an' if a bloke will only tell em a few t'ings about his business she'll be dere wid a bunch of tips dat will do him good, an' she won't have to have a map, either.

"I'm goin' to ask her about dat booze business just fer a kid, an' I'll put yer on ter w'ot comes off. She's got a swell line of talk, an' she knows how ter unload it right, too."

*me, chuck connors
dats all*

If you miss Chuck Connors' story next week you'll miss one of the best things he's written yet.

SHARKEY WANTS TO FIGHT.

Tom Sharkey, fresh from his defeat at the hands of Jack Munroe, is after, so he says, apother match with Jim Jeffries.

"I will not be through with the fighting game until I get another chance at Jeffries," he said. "He is the one man that I am sure I can defeat when in proper condition. I have already fought him forty-five rounds and he failed to put me out. As for my battle with Munroe, I was out of condition, and the poor showing that I put up made Munroe appear a little better than he really is.

"Why, if I were to get another fight with Munroe he wouldn't last two rounds. However, if Munroe beats Jeffries I will arrange a fight with him for a handsome side bet. This, however, is almost impossible, for I am sure that Jeffries will be the winner. The same proposition will be open to Jeffries as Munroe. I will have a representative at the ring side to challenge the winner."

STOPPED BOUT TO SAVE CARTER.

Kid Carter and George Cole met at the Lenox A. C., Philadelphia, March 25, in a six-round bout, but Cole punished Carter so severely the referee stopped the fight in the fifth round. Cole knocked Carter down repeatedly in the third, fourth and fifth rounds.

GANS GOT THE DECISION.

Joe Gans received the decision on points in his fifteen-round bout with Jack Blackburn, of Philadelphia, before the Eureka A. C., Baltimore, on March 25. The Philadelphian apparently was ten or fifteen pounds heavier than the lightweight champion, although the men were to have weighed in at 140 pounds, it being understood that it was not to be a championship battle. Gans did most of the fighting, while the Quaker City man devoted his efforts to holding Gans' hands.

METOXEN A FARMER.

Metoxen, the once world famous football player on the Carlisle Indian School team, and one of the greatest fullbacks this country has ever produced, sitting on a load of cordwood, a figure that could hardly be told from a common, ordinary reservation Indian, can now be seen quite often near Green Bay, Wis., driving a team with a load of cordwood to the Appleton paper mill.

The once famous gridiron hero has gone back to the haunts of his fathers, on the Onondaga reservation, near Green Bay, and has been living there for some time. In the fall of the year, when the gridiron battles are on, he cannot keep from the fray and generally manages in some way to get to Green Bay, Peshtigo or Marinette to play with the teams of those towns.

He is now farming, and is more pleased with the cash that his cordwood and other products bring him than with the money he got from the Government. "We got a few cents from the Government," he said, "for Christmas, but that's all." And then to show the almost repulsive contrast in its full detail, when he was recently in town, he picked up a silk lined overcoat from the seat beside him and said: "That's what I used to get when I played football, and now, umph, get darn little."

With the reputation this man had he could easily be demanding a comfortable salary from some university as a coach, had not his native instincts been so strong that as soon as he was out of college he went back to former haunts on the reservation.

CHALLENGES

Young Phenicle, a 105-pound boy of Windber, Pa., is anxious to meet anyone at his weight for a side bet.

Arthur Mack, of Denver, Col., is a clever 122-pound boxer who wishes to meet any man in the business.

Tom Short, the well-known rag-time pianist, would like to meet any of the rag-time players in a contest for endurance.

Here is a chance for some aspiring buck dancer to get fame if he succeeds in defeating Joe Brown, of Buffalo, in a contest.

Eddie Lewin, a promising young wrestler of Buffalo, N. Y., wants a match with any of the mat artists in the Bison City, at 130 pounds.

On behalf of Kid Curley, the 126-pound boxer, I challenge any of the Philadelphia boys, Jack Lansing or Kid Stein preferred.—F. B. Barrett.

On behalf of Eddie O'Brien I challenge any boy at 105 pounds, ringside weight, for a good side bet. Send all challenges to J. G. Riley, 47 Jay street, Albany, N. Y.

Jimmy Kelly, the New York lightweight, is anxious to even up matters with his old rival Jimmy Gardner, and will, in order to get a return match, submit to any terms.

I would like to issue a challenge in your paper to meet any one at 110 pounds for a side bet, or gate receipts.—R. W. Ashton, 108 Consol street, St. Cunegorde, Montreal, P. Q.

Dan McDermott, of Brooklyn, would like a match with any of the 135 or 154-pound boxers, and can be addressed in care of his manager, H. A. Beech, 112 Eckford street, Brooklyn.

Beverly Howard writes to the "Gazette" that he is anxious for a go with anybody at 156 pounds, and replies to 1504 Brookside avenue, Indianapolis, Ind., will be promptly answered.

Seeing in a recent issue of the Gazette that Kid Feno wishes to meet any 122-pound boxer, I will accept on behalf of Mike Daly, and will make a side bet.—John Darrel, Newark, N. J.

Ed Smith, of Chester, Pa., who knocked out Kid Wilson in four rounds, at Chester, recently, is out to meet any lightweight in the country, including Joe Gans. Smith is fast forging to the front.

I received the punching-bag. I must say it is O. K. Better than I expected. Everything is all right.—Charles Wild, Lindenhurst, L. I. Send \$6.00 and get one, too, or a set of boxing gloves, if you prefer.

Johnny Reagan, the popular Brooklyn bantam, who boxed a draw with Champion Frankie Nell, is after a match with Abe Attell at 122 pounds, and will post a forfeit with the POLICE GAZETTE if the Westerner will say the word.

I have forwarded a personal letter to Sam Fitzpatrick in which I challenge his Australian champion, Arthur Cripps, on behalf of Jack Williams, of Philadelphia, and am confident that Williams can defeat the Australian.—W. L. McCahey.

I challenge anybody to fight my dog Pirate, at thirty-five pounds, to be governed by straight "Police Gazette" rules, within any reasonable distance of Atlanta, Ga., for from \$100 to \$500; both to leave home to fight; Ben Merlette, of Bessemer, Ala., preferred.—G. W. Badgett, 10 Ivy street, Atlanta, Ga.

Harry Muhall, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., wants to wager that he can eat a pound of pork chops each



BERT PRESSLY.

A Sport of Indianapolis, Ind., and his Champion Pit Game.

day for thirty days, to prove that the assertion made that people tire of the same food day after day and lose their appetite is not true.

Edward Hehne, a good 125-pound wrestler of Brooklyn, is after a wrestling partner, and is ready to meet any man in the business at that weight. He can be found at 247 Stockton street, Brooklyn.

There is a boom in cock fighting just now and lovers of the game ought to have the "Cocker's Guide." 25 cents; postage 2c. extra.

LOU DILLON, the World's Champion Trotter, is the Subject of NEXT WEEK'S SUPPLEMENT



LAURA LANE, VERY CHARMING, ALSO VERY TALENTED.



ALICE LANE, SISTER TO LAURA; CUTE, ISN'T SHE?



Photos on this page by Retz: Baltimore.

WASHBURN AND LANE, TWO RICE AND BARTON PERFORMERS.



ADA LANE, TO WHOM NATURE HAS BEEN MORE THAN KIND.

ON THE THEATRICAL HIGHWAY.

BUT THERE ARE A GREAT MANY LANES ON THIS GREAT ROAD AS YOU WILL NOTICE BY GLANCING OVER THE NAMES PRINTED ABOVE.

YOUNG CORBETT LOSES TO BRITT

Referee Eddie Graney Gives the Decision to the San Francisco Boy After a Great Fight.

TWENTY FAST AND FURIOUS ROUNDS

A Record-Breaking Crowd Saw Both Men Badly Punished in a Gruelling Contest on the Coast--The Fight by Rounds.

Before one of the largest crowds that ever attended a fight between little fellows in San Francisco, Cal., on March 25, and with a bunch of bills in the box office that counted up \$40,000, Young Corbett and Jimmy



YOUNG CORBETT.

"The worst I ought to have got was a draw. I am ready to meet Britt again for any amount."

Britt went twenty fast and terrific rounds for seventy per cent of the receipts, on a sixty-five and thirty-five per cent basis.

It was one of the great fights of the year, and when, at the sound of the gong which announced the close of the twentieth round, Referee Eddie Graney announced that Jimmy Britt was the victor, the majority of the 12,000 men in Woodward's Pavilion went mad with joy over the victory of their favorite over one of the hardest punchers who ever put on a glove.

But the calm, impartial judges of the game were of the opinion that it would have been justice to decide the contest a draw, and a careful reading of the fight by rounds would seem to justify their claim.

Corbett was a ringside favorite, 2 to 1, at which figure a tremendous amount of money changed hands.

The Denver boy was seconded by Harry Tutill, Tim McGrath and Billy Otis, while in Britt's corner were Spider Kelly, Frank Rafael, Kirk Richardson and Smiling Metzger.

THE FIGHT BY ROUNDS.

Round 1—After manoeuvring for an opening Corbett laced out with his left twice, but Britt cleverly blocked both leads. Two similar attempts went wild, as did a straight left by Britt for the face. Corbett danced around and again fell short with his left. Here Britt showed his quickness. Like a flash he hooked his left to the body and followed with a right to jaw. Corbett, nettled, planted a left swing on Britt's ribs, but missed a right for the face. A moment later, however, he caught the Californian on the jaw. Then they went to mixup, without result, as the gong sounded. Britt had a slight lead in this round.

Round 2—Britt looked determined and immediately tried with left and right for the face, but the leads were blocked cleverly. In a clinch Britt got in a hard left to the body, which almost floored the Denver lad. Corbett fought back wildly and received a stinging swing on the jaw that nearly carried him off his pins. He looked much worried and made a rush for Britt, but was met with a straight left that sent him spinning back to the ropes. The crowd was in an uproar. Coming to the centre they closed in and Corbett missed vicious lefts and rights for the jaw. Britt caught Cor-

bett in the face and in return got a soccer in the kidneys. In a mixup Corbett planted a right and left on Britt's jaw.

Round 3—Both boys missed lefts for the face, but a second later Corbett put a hard left on Britt's ear. Britt jabbed Corbett twice in the face with his left and in a clinch Corbett pushed Britt to his knees. The Californian got up quickly and put a solid left on his opponent's body. Again they clinched and in the mix-up Corbett planted a hard right on Britt's face. Once more they came to close quarters and Corbett swung a short arm right to the face and a left to the nose. The Pacific Coast lad did not relish this style of fighting and was backed against the ropes, Corbett getting in a good right to the face. As the bell rang they exchanged rights. It was Corbett's round.

Round 4—Britt missed a savage left swing and a right swing by Corbett went wild. Britt jammed a hard left in Corbett's face, but the Denverite retaliated with a vicious uppercut to the jaw that staggered his rival. Britt came back cleverly and after feinting with his right sent a hard left to the body. Corbett was as agile as an acrobat and kept dancing around the ring. He stopped suddenly and then Britt rushed him to the ropes but failed to land. They then mixed it, and Britt on the breakaway swung hard to the head. Corbett came back with a right to the face and whipped a terrific left to Britt's nose that sent the blood spurting from that organ. Corbett had the better of the round.

Round 5—Corbett started with short right and left swings. They got at close range, and when they broke away Britt hooked with his right twice to the body. He rushed Corbett to the ropes, but the Denver boy sent him back with a hard right to the body. Britt, however, came back strong and sent a stinging left to Corbett's face. The Denver boy retaliated with a fierce right to the jaw, but once more Britt sent him against the ropes with a fearful right to the stomach. There was a mix-up, but no damage resulted. Britt put a straight left to the face, and Corbett stalled until the bell rang. Britt had a shade the better of this round and looked confident.

Round 6—Corbett planted right and left to Britt's jaw in succession, but these blows were offset by two vicious ones by Britt to the stomach. Britt tried again for the same place, but Corbett sent him back with a left to the face. Corbett missed a right swing, which nearly threw him off his balance. A straight left by Corbett for the stomach was cleverly blocked. As they went at it again Britt put a hard right to the body, but Corbett, quick as a flash, sent Britt's head back with a hard right to the jaw. It was a vicious blow, and Britt fought back desperately planting a right over Corbett's eye that broke the flesh. It was a hot round with honors even.

Round 7—Both men showed badly discolored eyes when they came up for this round. Britt missed two

a fearful uppercut on Britt's jaw. The men were fighting gamely, giving and taking much punishment, and, if anything, Britt was keeping his head better than Corbett and landing cleaner blows.

Round 8—Britt went out after Corbett and landed several hard swings on the Denver lad's jaw. Corbett looked groggy and hung desperately to save himself. The crowd was in an uproar. The pace was so fast

to the ropes, but failed to take advantage of the opening. They worked to the centre of the ring, and the bell caught them in a clinch. It looked like an even fight at this stage.

Round 13—They rushed to a clinch and were separated. One clinch followed another in quick succession, very little fighting being done. Britt fell short with left, and Corbett whipped smart right to jaw, but



Photo by Backus: San Francisco.

Britt cleverly avoiding a left lead and landing his left on the jaw.

that it looked as if one or the other must tire soon. Britt waded in again, but Corbett sent him back with a right to the jaw. They stood in the centre of the ring, with the Californian hammering Corbett on the jaw almost at will. Britt apparently was trying to put Corbett out, but his blows lacked force.

Round 9—As Corbett toed the scratch he looked fresher than Britt, and started right after his opponent. He landed two straight lefts to jaw and forced Britt on the defensive. Corbett followed this up and it became so warm that they came to a clinch. On the breakaway Britt caught Corbett on the nose, bringing the claret. Corbett came back with a right to the face, causing the blood to flow from eyes. The round was all Corbett's.

Round 10—The pace slackened, both men showing the effects of their desperate work. Just before the bell sounded Britt reopened the gash over Corbett's eye with a straight left. The men went to their corners with blood covering their faces.

Round 11—The men showed a disposition to mix, and the referee had trouble keeping them apart. They clinched repeatedly. Corbett missed several leads for the face, and held on to Britt, for which he was blamed. Both appeared to be very tired. Corbett was wild and

in return was forced to the ropes by Britt, who landed left hook to the stomach and another to face. Corbett gradually forced Britt back to the centre of the ring, and it was noticed that he guarded his stomach carefully. The pace had slowed down, and when the bell rang both went to their corners very tired.

Round 14—This round opened in a desultory manner, both men moving cautiously. Finally Britt hooked his left under Corbett's chin and a clinch followed. A right swing by Corbett missed its mark, but he caught Britt with a straight left to the jaw. Britt looked tired at the gong.

Round 15—Corbett chased Britt at the start of the round, planting left to jaw and right to body. Britt fought back desperately, but Corbett forced him to the ropes. It looked bad for Britt; he was groggy and fought wildly. Corbett swung a savage right for jaw, but missed. Britt hung on desperately, but he broke as the gong sounded, Corbett asking Britt, "How do you like it, old man?"

Round 16—Britt went in and began to slug. Corbett bowed his head and let go overhand rights. Britt made the pace, and Corbett covered his face with his forearms. It was plain as day that Britt was tiring and that Corbett was playing a tricky game. Corbett stood erect, even while the crowd cheered Britt, and punished the local boy with right uppercuts and savage body blows. There was a good deal of clinching and Graney split them up often. Corbett rained rights on Britt's jaw, but though Britt swayed on his feet he did not budge. He freshened up and was beating Corbett back to the ropes when the round ended.

Round 17—Both were almost tired out in this round. Britt reached Corbett with a left on the body and sent the Denverite against the ropes. They were clinched when the bell rang. It was Britt's round.

Round 18—Just as they came together Britt landed right and left swings in the face, almost putting Corbett to the floor. They clinched and the referee had hard work parting them. Britt was the stronger, and punished Corbett severely in the stomach. It was a terrific round, ending in Britt's favor. When the bell rang three cheers for Britt was called for, and the clamor was kept up till the nineteenth was begun.

Round 19—This round was fast all the way. They fought close together, and Britt landed the straighter and neater blows. Corbett rallied near the close, and they were exchanging body punches when the bell sounded.

Round 20—They rushed together furiously. Britt drove Corbett back with a right to the breast. Corbett rushed into a clinch and hammered Britt on the kidneys with the right. It was hot fighting. Britt fought Corbett off, and then almost floored the Denverite with a swing on the jaw. Corbett ran to a clinch, and they were pounding with their rights to the body when the bell sounded.

Then Eddie Graney announced that Britt was the winner, and when Corbett had somewhat recovered from his surprise he said he would meet Britt again for any amount.

"I can't help thinking that a draw would have been a just decision."—Terry McGovern.

"After reading the story of the rounds I don't see why Corbett didn't get a draw."—Tom Sharkey.

There are over 70 page wrestling pictures in Champion George Bothner's new book. It contains all the rules, too. Price, 25 cents; postage 4 cents extra.



Photo by Backus: San Francisco.

Jimmy Britt working his Body Punch on Frank Rafael, his Sparring Partner.

lefts for the body, and got a short arm jolt to the face. Corbett missed a terrific right uppercut, and they clinched. As they separated Britt put hard right to jaw, following it with a left to the body that forced Corbett to clinch. They went at it hammer and tongs, Britt having much the better of a fierce rally. Corbett swung wildly with right, and a second later landed

missed two uppercuts for the jaw. In a clinch against the ropes Corbett sent Britt back with a right to the jaw. The Californian looked to be almost in as the bell rang.

Round 12—Corbett kept after Britt relentlessly, and despite the fact that Britt was weary he succeeded in escaping many hard blows. Once Britt forced Corbett

THE MANLY ART IN FRANCE

How Both Feet and Hands are Skillfully Brought Into Play by French Savatte Experts.

THE CHARLEMONT-DRISCOLL FIGHT.

In This Battle the Frenchman Whipped the Boxer, but Unfortunately Left Room for an Argument by the Final Blow.

What boxing is to America the savatte is to France. It is French boxing, but the feet are used as well as the hands, and in a way which requires considerable training.

The celebrated fight between Charlemont, the great French expert, and Driscoll, the boxer, to a finish in October, 1890, proved that what had been previously considered the most efficacious kick—the one which lands on the shinbone—was not so great after all.

"I was told that Charlemont could break my leg in fifteen seconds, but that I could have a bit of a fight and then lie down in the first round," said Driscoll afterward. This sort of talk showed the French confidence, for the men who gave it to Driscoll were leading Paris sports. The fight came off in a private riding

had crippled Driscoll much more than appeared. At any rate, in the seventh round he got a terrible toe-pointed kick in the chest that made him worthless in the last round.

Round 8 (and last)—This time Charlemont rushed up to Driscoll as if to show (for almost the first time) what he could do with his hands—and immediately no one is agreed what happened. It may have been an accident, but it was none the less decisive. With a howl Driscoll dropped his guard and doubled up:

"Oh, gentlemen!" he moaned; "will you allow that, gentlemen? He kicked me in the groin!"

The judges accepted Charlemont's statement that it was his knee that did the damage—accidentally. The doctors disagreed on the seriousness of the hurt.



Charlemont, the Great Parisian Expert and Teacher of Savatte, illustrating a Blow of the Foot for the Face.

academy; tickets were \$20 each; half the gilded youth of Paris were present; and young Baron Henri de Rothschild, who acted as doctor, had a full line of bone-setting material in readiness.

Wang! Charlemont's heavy foot came crashing down on Driscoll's tibia, in the celebrated "low kick." The Frenchman wore heavy street shoes. Wang and biff! Three times he came down on Driscoll's tibia—yet there was nothing broken!

"He must have legs of iron!" exclaimed Professor Victor Casteres.

A brief account of this fight will give the best possible idea of what French boxing is not—because its most effective kick was barred. True, Charlemont has always been blamed in their hears by Englishmen, because in the last round his adversary was laid out by a disputed blow in the forbidden spot. They seem to forget that had it been a fight for self-defense, the blow could have been frankly delivered in the first round—as the "low kick" was, in fifteen seconds.

Round 1—Driscoll, an experienced bruiser, once the "pride of the British navy," took three bad shin kicks and got back only once, on the Frenchman's heart. Both wore eight-ounce gloves. After receiving the blow on the heart the Frenchman, clinching, got him by the neck in a peculiar wrestler's grip.

"Break away!" called the English present. "Break his neck!" cried the French. The men were parted. This was an injustice to French boxing as a system of defense.

Round 2—When the Frenchman launched his kick Driscoll stepped back from it and then rushed in and planted some fierce blows with the eight-ounce gloves. This round ended in a general row among the spectators, the Frenchman having clinched and thrown Driscoll heavily. It was agreed that this sort of thing be barred—another practical injustice to the French system.

Round 3—The referee, who had resigned his functions in the row, agreed to referee some more. Charlemont kicked Driscoll a bad one in the stomach and again just below the left knee, but got some heavy punching in return. Driscoll was almost unable to walk as time was called.

Looking back on the fourth, fifth and sixth rounds it is hard to rightly judge the backwardness of Driscoll. No one alleged "hippodrome" at the time, and the punishment Charlemont received was great. His face was greatly swelled and bloody all over. At moments he was certainly groggy, and the English spectators could not understand why Driscoll did not step up and knock him out.

Driscoll himself said afterward at the swell Turkish bath, the Hamman, that the howling threats of the mass of French spectators kept him back when he might have landed a decisive blow.

It is quite possible, on the other hand, that the kicks

Driscoll had asked ten minutes to recover from the foul, and at the expiration of that time the fight was given to the Frenchman.

The next day Charlemont received a cable challenge from Kid McCoy to another fight of the same kind for \$50,000 a side. No one blamed him when he refused it on the ground that he was not a fighter, but a professor of boxing.

A young Parisian makes this the key of the whole Charlemont-Driscoll mystery, even to the failure of the "low kick."

"Charlemont was only a clever boxing master, who had never fought a battle," he says. "He was so nervous that he did not do himself justice, and when it came to giving full force to his kicks, habit and instinct were against him. How could it be otherwise? During the ten years he had been giving lessons his daily practice had been to kick gently!"

The two Englishmen present admitted that there was a great deal in this argument. Themselves pupils of Bayle, they cited his last year's encounter with Dave Meyer.

Here was a case of French against Anglo-Saxon boxing that ended very differently. Bayle, who is called "the French Jeffries," is one of the most powerfully built men you could imagine. Until recently he was in the rubber tire business, with the reputation of a gifted amateur. As such he for a long time practiced Anglo-Saxon boxing as superior to the French system. Fighting as a middleweight, he met and defeated the negro, Jack Lewis, of Philadelphia, in 1895. It was therefore only by degrees that he became convinced that a combination of the two systems would present the most effective art of self-defense.

This grafting of French kicking on our own style of fighting is what confirmed Bayle's success and put him at the head of his present swell establishment in the Avenue Wagram. There, in August, 1902, before an audience of high sporting fashion—not excluding ladies of society—he so swelled up Dave Meyer's left knee with the powerful kick they call the *chasse croise* that our representative sat down for good in the middle of the second round. And, note, Bayle wore only canvas gymnasium shoes.

Professor Bayle was not present at this conversation. Kid Lavigne, however, who is nowadays a great deal with him, declared that he would put Bayle up against almost any middleweight.

"Here," said Lavigne, "is a Frenchman who knows how to use his hands as well as his feet. I give it to you straight, he would keep them busy watching both."

"Is that what troubles the American boxer most

If you are interested in training read Billy Muldoon's ideas in the Police Gazette book on "Boxing and How to Train." Price 25 cents; postage 3 cents extra.

when he gets up against savatte?" the Kid was asked. "Yes. He is always wondering about the kick that may be coming; yet all his habit is to watch his adversary's eye."

For the pictures on this page the POLICE GAZETTE is indebted to Prof. Charlemont, of 24 Rue des Martyrs, Paris, France, and are from his book "Le Boxe Francaise."

READ THIS LETTER.

U. S. F. S. Brooklyn Pugilistic Club.
U. S. European Squadron.

CHARLES J. ZITRICK, president.
CHARLES HOSKINS, vice-president.
AUG. BREUNING, secretary.
WILLIAM I. DENNY, treasurer.
H. R. DOMARATIUS, manager.
HARNEY MULLEN, referee.

Genoa, Italy, Feb. 18, 1904.

Mr. Richard K. Fox—Dear Sir: Some time ago we received with the first issue of a yearly subscription of the great POLICE GAZETTE one set of your high-class boxing gloves and have been using them every day among the boys from two to three bouts of fifteen minutes each, and have improved in the art of boxing some pretty good boys. For instance we have enclosed a picture of a 135-pound boy who stands good in his class at that weight. He has met some pretty good men and either received the decision or won with a knockout. He has had nine bouts and every one of them is to his credit. His last opponent was Lon Langley over whom he got the decision in a ten-round bout. He is known among his shipmates as Charley Ward, featherweight boxer, and claims he owes most of his science to your great book on boxing. We all thank you for sending the gloves to us and wonder how you make any profit on the deal, as the gloves have proven to be made of the finest leather and best quality of hair. So hoping to see very soon in the POLICE GAZETTE the picture of our young fighter, we remain, yours respectfully, The Brooklyn Pugilistic Club, Aug. Breuning, secretary.

[What suits these boys is good enough for anybody. Send \$6.00 for a year's subscription and get a set, too, while they last.]

CURLEY WON AGAIN.

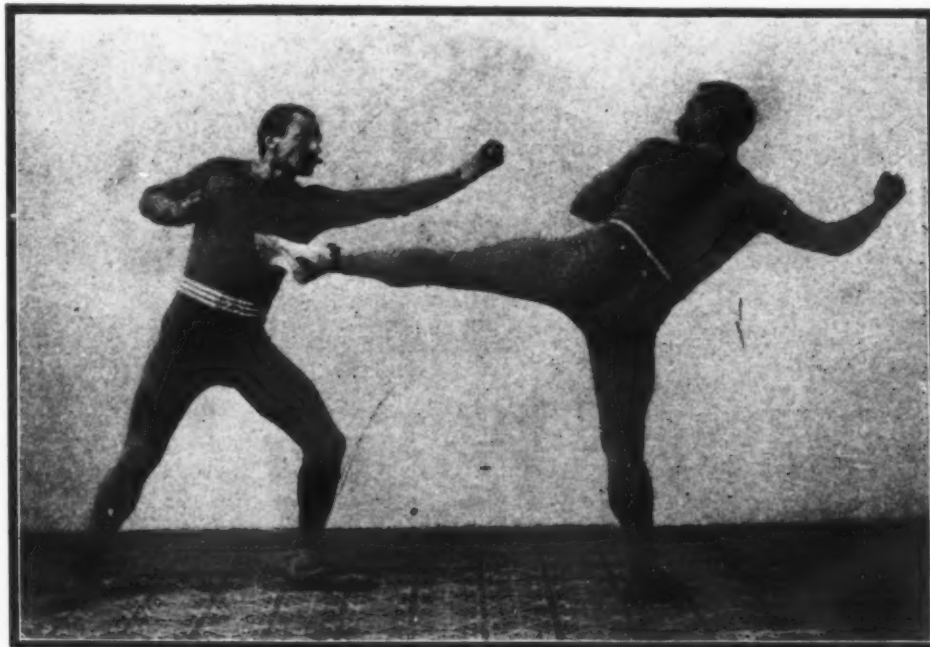
Kid Curley, the clever little New York bantam, added another victory to his credit by defeating Kid O'Brien in the seventh round of a fast battle held in private, on March 22, in New York, which was witnessed by 200 sports.

Curley was too clever for O'Brien, and by constant jabbing gradually wore him down. In the seventh O'Brien was very weak, and Curley crossed his right to the jaw and closed the affair.

LENNY AND MAHARG GO A DRAW.

Eddie Lenny and Billy Maharg, of Philadelphia, fought a fast six-round contest to a draw before the Chester Broadway A. C., at Chester, Pa., March 21. The hall was packed and the sympathy of the crowd was with the local boy.

Maharg had the advantage of weight and was aggressive in every round, but Lenny's clever footwork and blocking evened up matters. There was some fierce infighting on the ropes, in which Maharg had a



A Blow of the Foot for the Chest by Charlemont, as a Counter of a Lead with the Fist for the Face.

slight advantage, but Lenny reached Bill's stomach and head with several stinging rights and lefts.

In the fifth round the Philadelphian landed a right on Lenny's jaw, but it did not have enough steam behind it for a knockout and Eddie soon pulled himself together and later retaliated with a vicious uppercut on the mouth that made Maharg's head wobble.

Billy Dinkle, of Syracuse, knocked out George Russell, of Wilmington, in the second round of a mill that was quite interesting while it lasted.

ST. LOUIS, MO., CELEBRITIES

James Solari is the junior member of the firm of Pense & Solari, owners of a fine cafe at Pine and Sixth streets. They cater to the sporting public and do a fine business.

Tom Turpin is the owner of the Rosebud Cafe at 2230 Market street. He is well and favorably known to the sporting crowd and is composer of the "Buffalo Rag," "Bowery Buck" and many other rag-time melodies. His place is headquarters for colored professionals.

George E. Mitchell is the manager of the Pattison Cafe at 825 Locust street, and he has entered the "Police Gazette" bartender's contest with a drink known as The Louisiana Purchase Bracer, the recipe for which will be found on another page. He holds a medal for his cleverness in mixing drinks.

August Wiest is the owner of the Metropolitan Barber Shop at 211 North Sixth street. He is an old resident of St. Louis, having been in the barber business in that city since 1879. His shop is well patronized and he has a host of friends who wish him well.

Samuel V. Martin is the trainer and owner of three very handsome Scotch colts, who are conceded to be the cleverest trick dogs in the city.

F. A. Wulschlager, of 2301 Olive street, has a finely fitted up cafe to which is attached the largest summer garden in the city. It has a seating capacity of 2,000 persons. An orchestra of ten pieces furnishes the music.

Harry R. Geer, of St. Louis, made a record breaking trip from that city to Chicago last August. He went 372 miles in 59:20:23, allowing for all stops for rest, etc., but the actual riding time was 23 hours, 13 minutes. The fastest time made during the trip was 30.1 miles in one hour and one minute from Joliet to The Summit. The average time was 16 miles an hour. The ride was trying on Mr. Geer's weight, he having lost eighteen pounds during the trip. When he started he weighed 142 pounds and when he arrived at the Windy City his weight was down to 124.

EASY FOR CANOLE.

Martin Canole, the Fall River, Mass., lightweight, met the easiest kind of a proposition in Kid Tutts, at New Bedford, Mass., on March 22, and knocked the Italian out in the second round without having to extend himself.

FARREN WON FROM CHAMBERS.

Jimmy Farren, the Baltimore boxer, received a well-earned decision over Eddie Chambers, of Philadelphia, at the Nonpareil Club, at Baltimore, Md., on March 22, during which there was not an idle moment from the tap of the gong.

GRIFFO PUT BARRETT OUT.

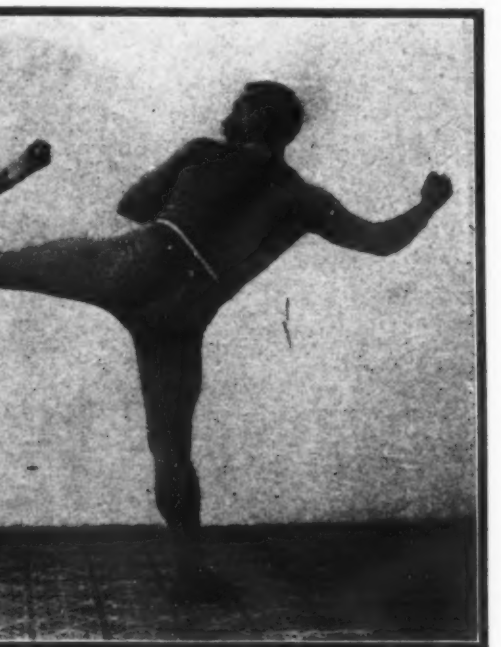
Kid Griffo and Young Barrett put up a fast and furious bout before the Hudson A. C., Baltimore, Md., March 23. After a little over a minute of the fourth round had elapsed Barrett's seconds sensibly threw up the sponge.

The bout while it lasted was one of the most hotly contested seen there for many months. The opening round found both men rushing at each other in a savage fashion. Blow after blow was exchanged and the referee had scarcely separated the men before they were again clinched and hammering each other.

In the first round honors were rather even, although at one time Griffo was hanging on. In the second round Griffo effectively used his left jab and in a short while he had Barrett's right eye closed. The third round was a hard one for Barrett. Griffo saw that his man was weakening, and when the gong sounded for the fourth he went in to finish matters. Griffo was putting on the finishing touches when his opponent's seconds threw up the sponge.

CANADIAN CHAMPION WON.

Eugene Tremblay, the Canadian lightweight wrestler who recently surprised wrestling enthusiasts by giving



George Bothner such a hard battle, met John Tompkins at the Polo A. C., New York, on March 22, and succeeded in putting the shoulders of the New Yorker to the mat in two straight falls. The first was secured in twelve minutes and the last in five minutes.

Sporting men all agree that the 1904 Police Gazette Sporting Annual is the most complete. 30 Halftone Illustrations. 150 Pages of Records. 10 Cents. Postage 2c. extra.

CULTIVATE PHYSICAL CULTURE

There is Really No Excuse for a Man to be a Weakling
if He Will Carefully Study This Page.

YOU CAN ALSO HAVE BIG MUSCLES

If there is Anything About Muscular Development You Want to Know Write to
the Police Gazette and It Will be Answered.

SERIES NO. 65.

These exercises are attracting more attention than it was at first supposed they would, and the civilians are beginning to realize that the army exercises are worth paying attention to.

There is absolutely no question but that they are

ing exercises and can't find an equal. They're better than medicine. Enclosed find ten cents. Yours respectfully,

JOHN CHANDA,

1368 Dennison Avenue, Cleveland, O.

That's what they all say. The POLICE GAZETTE always publishes the best of everything, and that is one reason why it has the greatest circulation of any sporting paper in the world.

IF YOU WANT

A really good set of boxing gloves or a punching bag FREE send \$6.00 for a year's subscription to the POLICE GAZETTE and take your choice. They are the greatest and most satisfactory premiums ever offered by any paper.

MELLODY WINS AGAIN.

In one of the hardest fought ring battles seen in that city for many years, Billy Melody, of Charlestown, Mass., forced Patsey Sweeney, of Manchester, N. H., to take the count in the ninth round of what was to have been a ten-round fight at the Auditorium, Portland, Me., March 24. Sweeney fought under distressing conditions from the first round, when he broke his thumb.

THIS CYCLONE WAS EASY.

What was to have been a ten-round bout at the Pastime Club at Portland, Me., March 20, between George Byers of Boston and "Cyclone" Robinson of Providence ended in the first round, when Robinson went down and his second, Beth Cloud, threw up the sponge. Robinson got in two blows, with no special force back of them, and then Byers made a rush, got in a good left on Robinson's jaw and the latter went down. Byers was in splendid condition, while Robinson was exactly the reverse.

AN INDIAN WRESTLER.

It is said that Two Feathers, the world's greatest Indian wrestler, is on the trail of European wrestlers, now that he has taken the scalps of the paleface strong men of the Pacific coast.

Two Feathers is thinking about going over the big water to try a fall with Hackenschmidt, the Russian. Two Feathers has a hunch. It has been suggested that his name would tickle the Russian to death.

Two Feathers is no slouch when it comes to "heap muscles." He weighs 227 pounds and stands 6 feet 5 inches in his moccasins. His match with Gotch, the champion, was one of the hardest fought since the days of the big Turks.

If he can't get the Russian wrestler's scalp to bring back to his St. Paul, Minn., tepee he is going after Tom Jenkins, in London.

OPENED UP IN INDIANA.

Jack Cullen of Indianapolis and Marsee Clark, a local man, fought six hard rounds to a draw at Fortville, Ind., on March 22. Kid Marbell of Fortville won a well-earned decision over Kid Parsons of Indianapolis in the semi-windup. Kid Ballenger, a colored fighter of Indianapolis, was given the decision over an unknown at the end of six rounds. The Brown brothers of Fortville went four rounds to a draw.

The entertainment was held in the Opera House, which was completely filled with sports from Indianapolis, Anderson and from Fortville.

WHAT A RANCHMAN THINKS OF THE POLICE GAZETTE.

Mr. Richard K. Fox—Dear Sir: I have received my premium and also the GAZETTE. Your paper comes in just right out here on the ranch and we wouldn't do without it. The pictures make a valuable addition to our limited art gallery, and they are very interesting. Wishing you the greatest success, I remain, yours truly, RUBE BODMAN.

Ashley, N. D.

P. S.—Your "Sporting Annual" is the best of its kind.

JACK MUNROE'S REAL FIGHT.

"The best fight I ever had," remarked Jack Munroe recently, "was when I was a kid, about eighteen. I was a husky chap even then, and I could fight. I was beating it on a freight through the State of Washing-

Keep your Gazette in good condition. We will send you a handy Holder on receipt of 25 cents. Mailed direct.

ton. The train stopped at a water tank and the conductor spied me. He was a big guy, a good deal bigger than I, and when he told me that walking was better for my health than riding on the bumper, I didn't dispute the point, but took to the highway. He stood alongside of me to see that I didn't take another chance when the train started. Just as he gave the engineer the signal, he planted me one square between the eyes that stretched me on the ties. Then he jumped aboard with a laugh.

"Keep that to remember me by, you hobo," he said, as he waved me a day-day."

"It was a beautiful swipe he handed me. Both eyes began to close, and all the skin was off the bridge of my nose."

"I'll get you again," I yelled after him, "and then I'll remember you all right."

"I knew he had to stop at a place about eighteen miles away. I caught another freight train, and sure enough, the first man I saw when I left the train was my conductor. He was with three or four other trainmen. I went up to him and said:

"That was a peach you gave me down the road. Now I'm going to hand it back to you."

"All right," he replied, "come on."

"I took off my coat and we went at it. I caught him a good one on the jaw and he went down. I let him up. I had to fight fair, for I didn't want his friends to jump on me. But they were square, and didn't interfere, although I was beating him. I knocked him down three or four times, and he dropped me twice. After we had been at it for half an hour, the conductor stopped a moment to take off his coat.

"This is going to be a good fight, fellows," he said to his friends. "This lad can scrap. Don't none of you butt in, but let us finish, and now—turning to me again—everything goes. I'll show you some real fighting."

"With that he buckled to me, and we went to the ground, where everything did go. We tore each other's clothes off until we were naked to the waist. But here, as well, I was beating him. He got my head in chancery, and then—do you see that finger?"

Jack held up the forefinger of his left hand. It looked as if it had at some time toyed with a quartz crusher.

"He got that finger in his mouth," went on Jack, "and began to make a meal of it. That was no new game to me, and, as you can see, I have pretty strong teeth. I reached around and bit a piece out of his side as big as an apple. That ended the fight. He said he had enough."

MAHARG WHIPS LOVE.

Billy Maharg, the Fox Chase boy, mixed it up with Tommy Love at the Broadway A. C., Philadelphia, on March 24, and sailed off with the winning flag. Maharg showed that he was too strong for Tommy, and in the rough fight more than held his own. Love was all there at the last bell, but he had failed to inflict much punishment on Billy. In the sixth round he got in a right-hand swing on the side of the face that rocked Maharg, but did not stop him. Billy then sailed in and pummeled Tommy for fair, but could not put him out.

In the semi-windup Griff Jones, of Brooklyn, N. Y.,

and Kid Locke went six slashing rounds, with Locke having a shade the better of the milling, but Jones proved that he is one of the best bantams in the business by holding Locke safe when the latter had the advantage of height, weight and reach.

COLE LOST ON FOUL.

Fred Cole and Kid Brune fought before the Sixth Ward A. C., Indianapolis, Ind., on March 22. Near the finish of the sixth round Cole fouled Brune, hitting him after the gong had sounded, and so lost the fight.

The ending of the bout was unfortunate for Cole and lucky for Brune, as the latter was in bad shape when he was given the decision.

Brune stopped enough punches to cause three or four men with less grit to quit and rushed his more agile opponent with a determination that would have brought the persimmon home

to him legitimately had he been successful in landing.

The staying ability of the Indianapolis boy was a surprise to his most ardent admirers as there was not a round of the six that Cole did not inflict terrific punishment. Brunes' manager wanted him to continue, but he refused.

"Heinie" Brune, assuming the name of Tommy Rush, knocked out a delicate-appearing boy, Lloyd Crane, in the first round of a four-round bout. Kid Dalton and Kid Robinson, the latter colored, went four ridiculous rounds to a draw. Willie Koerner and Kid Lewis went six fast rounds in the semi-windup, this bout giving general satisfaction.

FISTIC EVENTS

Dave Sullivan claims that he was robbed in his recent fight with Neary.

The ban has been placed on boxing in Lebanon, Pa., by the mayor.

Jack Munroe has already started light training for his battle with Jeffries.

Jim Corbett has ignored the deft of Philadelphia Jack O'Brien to meet him.

Jack Palmer, the English middleweight, is contemplating a trip to South Africa.

Jimmy Handler has again come to life, having won two battles in the past month.

Willie Fitzgerald and Rufe Turner will meet shortly before the Reliance Club at Oakland, Cal.

George Dixon has decided to remain in England for some time and has several matches in sight.

Hughie McGovern and Frankie Neil will probably be matched to battle at San Francisco at an early date.

Al Ahrens, the San Francisco lightweight, recently defeated Pat Daly at the National Sporting Club, London, England.

The Ashley Athletic Club is the latest boxing association in Chicago. This makes about a dozen clubs in the field.

At Berlin, N. H., the other night, Arthur Cote knocked out Billy Armstrong in the tenth round by a left swing on the jaw.

The boxing club at Hot Springs has been a success this winter. Andy Mulligan made money on every fight he has pulled off.

Jim Flynn, of Pueblo, Col., recently fought Harry Peppers a ten-round draw at Salda, Col. Peppers surprised the talent by his good showing.

Young Harry Gilmore, of Chicago, has imported a Chinese boxer. The heathen is named Coo Ley, and is a fine looking fellow for a Chinaman.

Private advices from England state that George Dixon recently lost a decision to Cockney Cohen and that Andrew Tokel was beaten by William Moran.

Arthur Cripps, the Australian middleweight, who recently arrived in this country, has placed himself under the management of Sam Fitzpatrick.

Charley Mitchell, once England's pugilistic pride, arrived here last week and was a caller at the POLICE GAZETTE office. He was accompanied by his son, a bright lad of sixteen years.

Enclosed find money order for \$6.00. Send POLICE GAZETTE for one year and punching-bag.—Yours truly, C. E. Riley, Chico, Cal. Send \$6.00 and get one, too, or a set of boxing gloves, if you prefer.

Jimmy Walsh and Eddie Keavin sailed for England recently. Walsh fights Digger Stanley at the



PLATE NO. 6.

great muscle makers, but the student must bear in mind when following them to put as much strain as possible upon his muscles, and then he will get the best results.

In the meantime don't forget that new book which is now in press and which treats on physical culture by means of muscular resistance, and which also includes the series of breathing exercises which attracted so much attention in these columns not long ago. It is a very handsome little volume, profusely illustrated with full-page half-tone pictures which were especially posed for, and the price is only ten cents, with two cents added for postage.

If you are wise you will send for one at once and so get a copy of the first edition. No pains have been spared to make this book one of the best, if not the best, of its kind on the market, and it is a fitting companion to Prof. Attila's five-pound dumb-bell exercises.

If there is anything on physical culture that you want to know about write and ask and we will be glad to answer it in this column.

If you can suggest anything new in the physical culture line don't be afraid to write a letter about it. It will be given the most careful consideration and if practical will be adopted.

EXERCISE NO. 6.

This exercise is good for the back and the stomach. Stand erect, holding your arms at your sides. Then lean them over your head as shown by plate 6. Push quickly forward as illustrated by plate 6A.

ALWAYS THE SAME STORY.

Please send me the copy of "Prof. Attila's Five-Pound Dumb-bell Exercises." I am trying your breath-



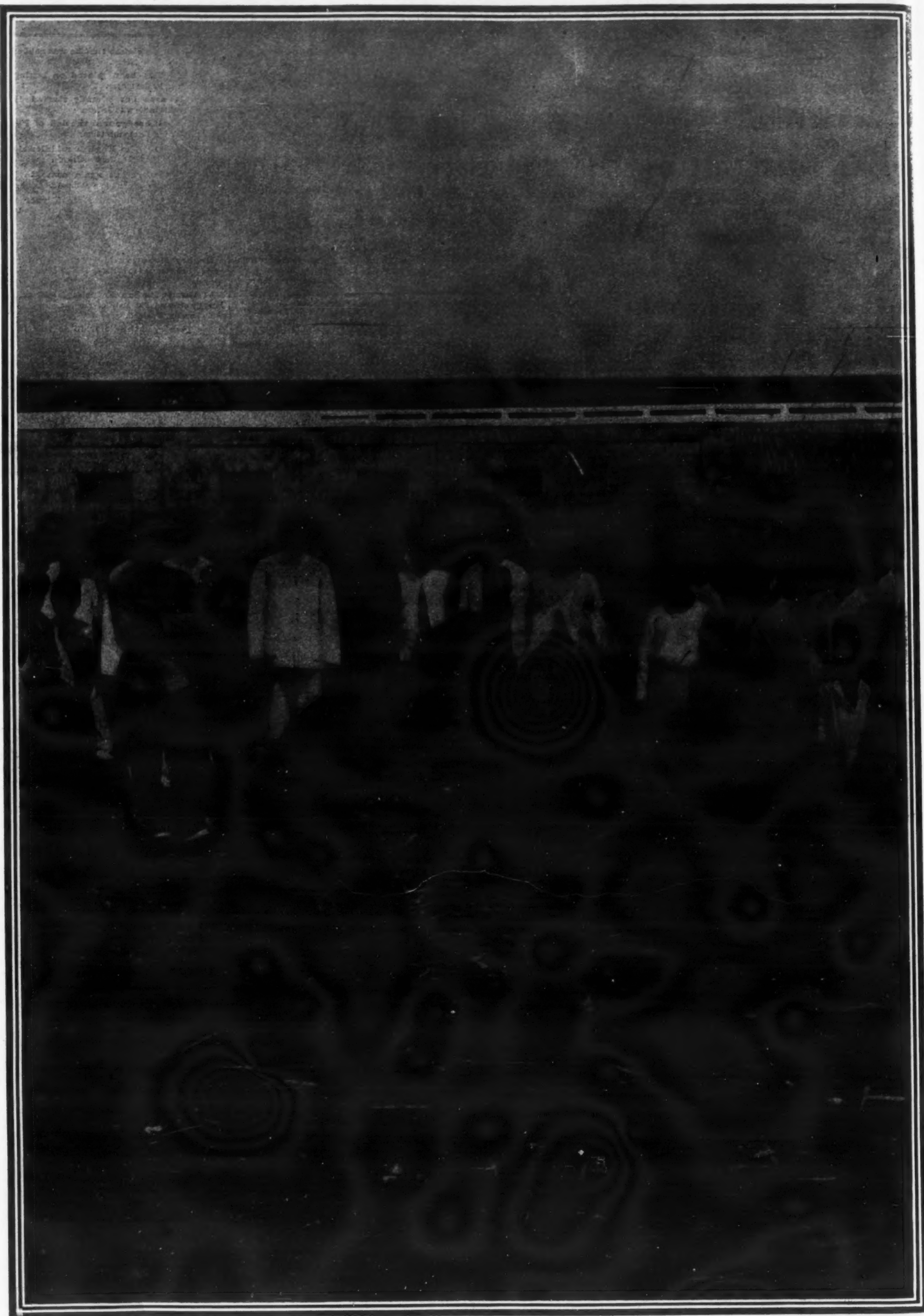
PLATE NO. 6A.

National A. C. of London, April 18, for the 110-pound championship of the world.

It must make Jim Jeffords swell out his forepeak to note that such a tough proposition as Marvin Hart was always ranked was loath to bump into Gus Ruhlin.

There is no necessity for you to be a hollow-chested, flabby-muscled man, no matter what nature has made you. Send ten cents, with two cents extra for postage, for "Prof. Attila's Five-pound Dumb-bell Exercises." It contains enough to make a man a giant.

CAN YOU BREATHE PROPERLY? Our Book Shows You How. Price 10 Cents; Postage 2c. extra



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GRECO-ROMAN IN ZEBU.

A CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH IN THE PHILIPPINES BETWEEN TWO EXPERT NATIVE WRESTLERS WITH AN AMERICAN SOLDIER AS REFEREE.



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THE ART OF "BRONCHO BUSTING."

COWBOYS OF WYOMING GIVING AN EXHIBITION OF THEIR ABILITY TO SADDLE AND RIDE THE UNTAMED HORSES OF THE FAR WEST.

REFEREE GRANNEY DEFENDS —SAYS CALIFORNIAN FORCED THE FIGHTING— DECISION IN BRITT'S FAVOR

Activity Among the Heavyweights—Fitzsimmons in Strict Training—Jeffries and Munroe Getting Ready.

SHARKEY AGAIN AN ASPIRANT FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP

John L. Sullivan Almost Down and Out—That Featherweight Dispute Again.
Charley Mitchell Comes with Gum Shoes On!

It is a source of regret that so important a fight as the recent one between Young Corbett and Jimmy Britt could not have been decided in a manner wholly satisfactory to all concerned. Referee Granney doubtless gave the verdict prompted by his judgment of what took place in the ring, and as he is by experience eminently qualified to determine the merits and qualifications of two fighting opponents I am disposed to favor his opinion. As long as limited round contests are indulged in questions of opinion regarding the outcome of a fight will arise. No man is infallible and errors of judgment will happen frequently, but I have always contended that as the referee is in a better position to see all the happenings in a fight from different points of vantage his opinion must be deferred to, and on this ground I have always been averse to disputing or criticizing the official verdict.

Granney himself is disposed to criticize the judgment of those who believe he made a mistake and explains his action thusly:

"I gave the decision to the man I thought did the fighting. That was Britt. He forced it all the time and never for a moment did he cease. From the fifteenth round on Britt did all the fighting. Corbett stalled throughout the fight and was waiting for a chance to put in the finishing blow. That chance never came, for Britt was as watchful as he was aggressive. I believe in giving the decision to the fighter who forces the game and is willing to take a punch. Britt did this, and therefore I declared him the victor, and I have no regrets."

Young Corbett is not even disposed to agree with



JOHNNY ALLEN.

Bantamweight Champion of Pennsylvania.

many of his admirers that a draw would have been an eminently just verdict. He believes he should have had the decision.

"Why," he said, "I had Britt beaten to a pulp. He never stood a chance against me, and I will leave it to any fair-minded man in the city that witnessed the fight. I have acted fairly and squarely, and for my pains I am robbed and cheated."

"Britt's seconds had to carry him to his corner at the end of the nineteenth round. He was all in. I have not a mark on me and not one of his punches hurt me."

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He is all bruised and battered up, and at the end of the fight he was so far gone that he appeared delirious. I fought every minute of the time and forced the fighting in every round."

While opinions are in order of course some consideration must also be given to what Britt himself says:

"Corbett is a far better man than I thought, yet I beat him fairly and squarely," he said. "I earned the decision by aggressiveness and gameness, for it was I who fought the fight from the tap of the gong. He hit me hard at times, yet I was not affected by any of his blows and I always came back ready to fight."

"He was stalling and swinging wildly at me all the time. I kept away from him when I thought he looked dangerous and then I closed in and did the leading. I never let up from the fifteenth round on and had him going many times till the end."

Apart from the fact that Corbett and his party lost a "barrel" of money on the decision it was perhaps a fortunate thing for them that the fight terminated as it did. Another meeting can be arranged, another large "gate" accumulated and a chance provided for a decisive result vindicating Granney's judgment or proving Young Corbett's contention to be well founded.

Bob Fitzsimmons is determined not to allow Jeffries and Munroe to monopolize the centre of the pugilistic stage, and a fight between him and either Gus Ruhlin, Tom Sharkey or Kid McCoy seems to be a settled thing.

The three-times champion, as Fitz delights to call himself, is working into condition slowly, and the announcement of a six-round bout in Philadelphia with the Cornishman as one of the principals may be expected in the near future. Ruhlin was disappointed by the failure of Marvin Hart to appear for the bout in Quakertown recently, and is anxious to retrieve himself for the poor showing he made in the recent fight with Jim Jeffords. Under the circumstances he is in a receptive mood, and the Philadelphia fight promoters are working hard to close a match between the "Akron Giant" and Fitzsimmons.

Fitz, by the way, has been barred from the California fighting clubs because of his age. One of the promoters says Robert might be seriously hurt in another encounter. But in Philadelphia this odd opinion does not prevail. A visit to Fitz's training quarters at Bath Beach the other day disclosed the fact that the "old man" is getting into magnificent shape again and wants to tackle any of the "heavies."

They'll have a pretty tough time trying to make Tom Sharkey cry "enough." The gallant sea dog got a taste of the old game a few weeks ago when he faced Jack Munroe, the Butte miner, and angered by the criticisms which appeared in the papers in connection with that meeting he has declared his eligibility for heavyweight championship honors and will fight Jeffries, Munroe or anybody.

Sharkey says the ambition of his life is to cross arms with champion Jim Jeffries again and that he wants to go on record as being ready to meet the winner of the Jeffries-Munroe battle in Frisco.

"I will not be through with the fighting game until I get another chance at Jeffries," said Sharkey. "He is the one man that I am sure I can defeat when in proper condition. I have already fought him forty-five rounds and he failed to put me out. As for my battle with Munroe, I was out of condition, and the poor showing that I put up made Munroe appear a little better than he really is."

"Why, if I were to get another fight with Munroe he wouldn't last two rounds. However, if Munroe beats Jeffries I will arrange a fight with him for a handsome side bet. This, however, is almost impossible, for I am sure that Jeffries will be the winner. The same proposition will be open to Jeffries as Munroe. I will have a representative at the ringside to challenge the winner."

It was a coincidence that almost at the time John Flood's death was announced the news came that John L. Sullivan had become stricken with a serious illness and was in danger of losing his eyesight. Flood was the man whom Sullivan beat on a barge in the Hudson river at the time he made his first bid for pugilistic fame. The report says that Sullivan's health is completely undermined and his herculean frame weakened by disease. He is at his sister's home in Roxbury, Mass. He is suffering great torture from his eyes, and his friends fear that he will become totally blind. His most intimate friends say it is doubtful if he will ever regain his health.

Sullivan has made several fortunes in his career, but it is said he is "broke" now, and his friends have arranged to raise money to help defray his expenses. Enveloped in a dressing gown and with green goggles shading his eyes Sullivan said bravely but sadly:

"I am simply convalescing from a temporary attack of illness to which I have been subject for years. The doctors say I will be able to take a trip to Hot Springs in about a month. I would be able to leave the Hub sooner but for this trouble with my eyes. The doctors say some sort of germs poisoned the optic nerves."

"I eat but little food, and were it not for the 'Dudeen' I don't know what I would do throughout the day, and I long for the night when I am able to take brief walks with my nephew. Next fall I star with another company in New York if I live so long, for I have got a

few friends in that city yet whose fortunes I made and who are willing to stake me in the event of my health returning."

Recognizing the fact that he has long been too heavy to legitimately hold the title of featherweight champion Young Corbett now contends that there should be two featherweight classes, one with a 122-pound limit and another with a 129-pound limit; Corbett getting in under the latter. Corbett practically admits that he cannot make 122 pounds, but he still insists that he is the featherweight champion, in spite of the fact that he is fighting nowadays close to 133. A student of ring battles and weights who is well up on points of this kind said the other day:

"Terry McGovern's contention that he is the featherweight champion because he was not whipped at 122 pounds is ridiculous. Young Corbett knocked him out twice at weights that McGovern readily agreed to. McGovern won his old title from Dixon at 118 pounds, or four pounds under the so-called limit. If 122 is the arbitrary featherweight limit, then George Dixon was never champion. He won his title from Cal McCarthy at 115 and defended it up to 128 with Frank Erne. It would be delightful if champions would all conform to the so-called limits of 116, 122, 133, 145 and 158 pounds, but they do not. Jack McAuliffe defended his title at 133 to 138. Erne beat Lavigne at 135, weigh in at 3 o'clock; Gans beat Erne at 136, weigh in at 7 o'clock. If Langford had weighed 135, the stipulated limit, when he defeated Gans recently, he would have taken over the lightweight title, but he tipped the scales at 140. Young Corbett is dangerously near the 133 mark, but just so long as he can induce any one to fight him inside that limit for the featherweight championship just so long will he claim it."

Charley Mitchell, England's famous "bawling" champion, is here again. He didn't want anybody to know he was coming, and consequently he landed under an assumed name—so he says. Knowing his characteristic liking for notoriety I was rather surprised at Mitchell resorting to "gum shoe" methods, and was wasting an abundance of grey matter, trying to determine the reasons for such an extraordinary proceeding, when along came a typewritten article, issued by a publicity bureau, or press agency, giving the details of Mitchell's arrival as follows:

"Under the name of Charles Watson there arrived this morning, on the White Star liner Majestic, from Liverpool, Charles Mitchell, the former prize fighter. Mr. Mitchell declares he came under the name of Watson in order to avoid a reception by his friends at the Liverpool landing stage. He did not escape notice on his arrival here for about one hundred longshoremen, cabmen and loungers waited in the street, outside the dock, to see him leave. Mitchell was accompanied by his son, who was booked as Charles Watson, Jr. He declared that he did not come here to look for a fight, but was going to St. Louis on a matter of business."

Of course, Mitchell had nothing to do with sending out the above—at least, maybe not.

Subsequently meeting Mitchell in one of the uptown hotels, he explained his presence by saying:

"I am out of the game, now, but, of course, if any of the old fellows put it up to me right strong, and I get a chance for a look-in, I might take out another fight. No, I would not fight Munroe. Let the young fellow fight with the others and win his laurels."

Mr. Mitchell was in a reminiscent frame of mind and contrasted the prizefighters of the present day with those of the past.

"There is the greatest difference in the world," he said, "between the fighters of this day and those who fought in the ring with bare knuckles. I believe the fighters of to-day could put it all over the old-timers. In those days a man got what training he could by punching a wet sand-bag; and in the ring it was simply a question of endurance. The fighters had not the science they have now. In these days training is a fine art, and there are modern appliances for developing certain muscles which were not known but a few years ago. The game has been killed by clubs. It is pretty dead in England and we have no heavyweight fighters over there—though we have a couple of clever lightweights. The clubs are inclined to hold a fighter under and tell him to do this and that; he cannot take a drink and has an altogether unpleasant time for it. And then again, they offered a purse of about £70—twenty of which goes to the loser. Why, that is not much encouragement to a man; it would not pay his training expenses. America is the best country for fighters."

Like the man with his first attack of rheumatism, Mitchell confesses that he is growing old. But he does not look it, and yet he is past forty-three years of age. Although a trifle baldier than when here last, which was about three years ago, Mitchell with his hat on looks as youthful as when he began training for his eventful fight with Jim Corbett at Jacksonville, Fla., in 1894.

Just as an item of interest to bettors and others who are interested we publish recently taken measurements of Jeffries and Munroe:

MUNROE.	JEFFRIES.
27 years.....	Age.....29 years
196 pounds.....	Weight.....217 pounds
5 feet 11½ inches.....	Height.....6 feet ½ inch
72 inches.....	Reach.....76½ inches
16 inches.....	Biceps.....16½ inches
13 inches.....	Forearm.....15 inches
8½ inches.....	Wrist.....9 inches
48 inches.....	Chest expansion.....47 inches
36 inches.....	Waist.....34 inches
24 inches.....	Thigh.....24½ inches
18 inches.....	Calf.....16½ inches

No matter how disobliging spring may have chosen to be in reference to appearing in this section on schedule time, racing, like the tide, waits for no man, and the first meeting of the East started from the post at Benning last week with every indication of making a new record.

To turfmen the beginning of the season at the popular course near the national capital has always been synonymous with the breaking up of winter. This year that is a characteristic particularly applicable, for the winter has been uncommonly trying and severe upon horses and their owners.

The meeting now pending is but an appetizer of that which is to follow. A long programme of skilfully arranged events, purses tempting enough to induce millionaires to fight for them with their stables of equine aristocrats, events framed on a more liberal and a more entertaining scale than ever before, are to follow in steady succession until cold weather puts an end to the sport in the East.

SAM C. AUSTIN.

Have you a good photograph of the club you belong to? Send it to the POLICE GAZETTE for publication.

JABEZ WHITE IS COMING OVER

Lightweight Champion of England
May Fight Joe Gans.

Jabez White, of Birmingham, England, the gentlemanly boxer who will shortly visit America with view to meeting Young Corbett or Jimmy Britt, has fought his way up the pugilistic ladder step by step, and has at various periods held the title of champion at several weights. At the time he came upon the scene boxing in Birmingham was in a rather bad way. That city, the birthplace of Charley Mitchell, Denver Ed Smith, the two Allens, Billy Edwards, Charlie Norton, Billy Plimmer and other well-known fighters who have visited or made America their home, was without a native who could be called a first-class performer with the gloves. Billy Plimmer had seen his best days and had met with defeat at the hands of Pedlar Palmer, and Charley Mitchell had given up the business as a principal for good. It was in 1896 that White, then a stripling of under 100 pounds in weight,



JABEZ WHITE.

created a good impression by beating in quick succession Ted Martlow, six rounds; George Edge, three rounds, and Harry Collings, four rounds. He was sent up to London by Harry E. Cleveland, the English sporting writer, to compete in a 96-pound championship competition promoted by the late Frank Hinde. In that event he beat Charley Mock and Ted Snow. In the final bout he was outpointed by Ted Beach. He performed so well that his friends entered him for a 100-pound championship competition. In the preliminary bouts he beat Ted Parsons and Con Barrett, but again was defeated in the final, this time by Sid Scales. He subsequently knocked out Harry Tougne, of Birmingham, in seven rounds, Charley Mills in one round, and Harry Adams in one round. In a ten-round contest in a tournament in Birmingham, promoted by Jem Mace and Frank P. Slavin, he lost on points to Charley Simpson, who was then one of the best lads at his weight in England. He made amends by beating Jack Mitchell, of London, in four rounds; Harry Ware, of London, in four rounds, and Charley Simpson, a former opponent, in six rounds. He knocked out Charley Ford, of Stratford-on-Avon, a much heavier man, in two rounds, Dick Higgins, of Birmingham, in four rounds, and Charley Simpson, at the Olympic Club, Birmingham, in six rounds. A crowd estimated at 5,000 people witnessed his defeat of George Corfield, of Sheffield, in five rounds, at the Curzon Hall, Birmingham. He subsequently knocked out Harvey Cheekets in eight rounds at the Olympic Club. In the same ring he defeated Mike Sears, of Boston, in the first international event he had figured in. He quickly outclassed W. Newell and won in nine rounds. For the title of 122-pound championship of England he beat Dave Wallace, of London, in eight rounds. His first appearance at the National Sporting Club, London, resulted in an eight-round victory over Harry Greenfield, for the 128-pound championship of England. He drew with Jim Curran, of Rotherham, in a twenty-round contest at catch weights. Soon afterwards he beat Bill Chester, in five rounds. His two last contests were with Spike Sullivan, whom he outpointed on both occasions in fifteen rounds. Jabez White is an immense favorite in England and will make many friends on this side of the Atlantic, as he is an upright and conscientious young fellow, possessed of a genial and unassuming demeanor.

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Jerry Ferrell, Mackinaw City, Mich.—No records. M. S. Hot Springs, Ark.—Jeffries never fought Joe Gribble.

B. H. St. Louis, Mo.—Photograph will be published in due time.

F. C. Pittsburg, Pa.—Louis Cyr is the recognized champion strong man.

F. J. T., Humboldt, Ill.—"Annual" has been sent you. Jeffries' full record is in it.

A. P. Chicago, Ill.—Was John L. Sullivan champion of the world? He was not.

H. A. T., Cleveland, O.—Have no data at hand with which to answer your questions.

J. H. Milwaukee, Wis.—Have you ever heard of Charles Henry? Yes; he is a Wisconsin boxer.

E. B. T., Boise, Idaho.—Where is Eddie Burns, the prizefighter? Do not know his present whereabouts.

F. R. B., Paterson, N. J.—Where could I get my voice cultivated? At the National Conservatory of Music.

A. M., Norfolk, Va.—How is this arrangement made to punch a bag on the floor? The picture shows for itself.

J. A. D., Canton, O.—What is the address of Jack Francis, the club swinger? Will Mr. Francis please send his address.

A. J. H., Adams, Mass.—What was the weight of Bob Fitzsimmons at the time he fought Jack Dempsey? 150½ pounds.

C. W. H., Seattle, Wash.—Would advise you to consult sporting editor of some local paper. Lessons cost about \$1 each.

Reader.—A bet B that Munroe would defeat Sharkey in their recent encounter; who wins? Best judges agree that Munroe won.

E. T. F., Portland, Ore.—What is the highest dive ever made by a dog from the top of a ladder into a net? About thirty-five feet.

I. M., Lord, Ind.—A bets B that a diamond royal flush is no better than a heart flush; B bets that it is? Suits are of equal value.

Sixth Ward A. C., Paterson, N. J.—Where can I get employment as a jockey? Apply to Frank Clark, Supt. Sheephead Bay, N. Y.

J. T., New York.—Where is there a school to study boxing? Prof. Jimmy Deforest, Lenox Lyceum, Madison Square, New York city.

B. S., Sioux Falls.—What prizefighter is worth the most money? Charley Mitchell is reputed to be the wealthiest pugilist. Sharkey next.

Subscriber, Bronaugh, Mo.—Which one strikes the hardest blow James J. Jeffries or John L. Sullivan? No adequate test was ever made.

F. B. F., Paducah, Ky.—1. Your measurements are very good. 2. The Jiu Jitsu series will be published shortly. They are being prepared now.

L. P. D., North Adams, Mass.—Let me know the address of T. F. Lynch, the great dumb-bell lifter? Will Mr. Lynch please send his address.

G. I. R., St. Louis, Mo.—Who is the standard authority on card games? Various authorities on various games. Hoyle is as good as any.

J. H. M., Newark.—Tell me if Tom Cribb was colored or white? Is Kid Broad colored or white? Cribb was white. 2. Broad also is white.

J. T. C., Dubuque, Ia.—What is the address of Terry McGovern? Care Sullivan & Harris, Broadway and Thirty-fifth street, New York city.

J. B., New York.—E. G. says Florence Bindley, the actress, is about five feet tall; J. B. says she is about four feet. Which is right? About five feet.

Crescent A. C., New Brunswick, N. J.—Let me know if a man that waltzes for a \$2.50 gold piece is classified as a professional? He is a professional.

H. O. W., Buffalo, N. Y.—What is the address of L. W. Ferguson, who challenges any one to walk around the world without money? Have no idea.

O. O., New York.—B bets me that Munroe would win the fight with Sharkey; I bet he would not win; who wins the bet? Munroe is conceded to have won.

H. K., Champaign, Ill.—Tell me where to write so as to get the name of the manager of the show "When Johnny Comes Marching Home"? Care New York Clipper.

G. C., Milford, Mich.—I would like a position as a jockey. I am 14 years old and my weight is 95 pounds. Your age and weight all right, but it requires practice.

J. M., Olympia, Wash.—Did Jack Munroe, previous to getting the decision over James Jeffries at Butte, Mont., ever fight in the ring? Yes, as an amateur.

J. C., Brooklyn.—Let me know where some of the ex-boxers have their boxing schools? Tommy West, at Mac Levy's Gymnasium, St. George Hotel, your city.

G. S., West Orange, N. J.—I would like to get a position as a jockey. My weight is 95 pounds; age 16. Also at the race track. Exercise lads are always in demand.

R. H., Montreal.—A claims that George Dixon was worth some time \$5,000,000; B says he was not? Dixon made considerable money, but hardly as much as \$5,000,000.

J. C., Toledo, O.—E bets John L. Sullivan's height is 5 feet 7½ inches; C bets it is 5 feet 10½. Also state his age and weight at present time? Five feet 10½. Forty-one years old, and weighs now about 280 pounds.

J. C., Hudson Heights, N. J.—To decide a bet on the late fight which man wins and how will the fight go down on record? Do you mean Sharkey and Munroe? Munroe wins.

C. T. M., Moran, Wyo.—Kindly let me know if John L. Sullivan was ever champion of the world? He was not. The title was void between Mace and Fitzsimmons' time.

F. D., Grand Rapids, Mich.—A bets B that Sharkey will win from Munroe; bet was made before place to fight was selected; which wins? Best authorities decide that Munroe won.

Enclosed find money order for one year's subscription. Please send boxing gloves.—G. H. Johnston, Americus, Ga.—We give a set of gloves or a punching bag to any one sending \$6.00 for one year's subscription to the POLICE GAZETTE. This includes expressage.

J. J. A., Lexington.—I should like information in regard to the duties of a baseball manager. Has a manager anything to do in the placing of the men, or does all this come under the captain's jurisdiction?

good; then A demands to see B's hand; he refuses, and he says he doesn't have to show? If B resigns the pot he doesn't have to show his hand.

J. T., Walla Walla, Wash.—What was Fitzsimmons' correct weight when he fought Corbett at Carson City? No official weights were taken, but he says he weighed about 157 pounds.

S. A. C., Columbus, O.—What is the average salary paid stars in comic operas? A bets it ranges from \$50 to \$150 a week; C says it doesn't reach \$150? Some stars get even more than \$150 per week.

J. McC., Trenton, N. J.—J bets when a man is knocked out he is unconscious; Tom bets when a man is down for the count of ten he is knocked out, whether he is unconscious or not? J is right.

C. H. H., Philadelphia.—Tell me an exercise that will expand the chest and sides? Send ten cents for new book on breathing, one of the "Police Gazette" physical culture series. Postage two cents extra.

Reader, Waterbury, Conn.—A makes a bet that Munroe is a French name, and that Jack Munroe is French? What nationality is Tom Sharkey? 1. He is American. 2. Sharkey is Irish and proud of it.

L. R., New York.—Give me information as to the whereabouts of Mr. H. Placke, the Holland champion? At Jack Cooper's gymnasium, Forty-second street, between Fifth and Sixth avenues, New York city.

Reader.—Which is the highest hand, ace, deuce, trey, four and five of clubs, or the six, seven, eight, nine and ten of clubs, both straight flushes? The ten high straight is the best hand. Ace counts low in the other.

D. B., New York.—How many rounds did John L. Sullivan and Charley Mitchell fight in Chantilly, France, how long did they fight and who won? Thirty-nine rounds; 3 hours, 10 minutes, 55 seconds; draw.

J. W. D., Taunton, Mass.—Do you know a fighter by the name of Jack Davis, who came from Nova Scotia? Do you mean Jack Davis who came here with Jem Mace in the early eighties? Only one we know of.

S. A. G., Pittsburg, Pa.—Sharkey-Munroe fight; bet was made that Sharkey would win and Munroe would win; what disposal should be made of straight bet stake money? According to all the best authorities Munroe won the battle.

J. A. F., Fort Douglas, Utah.—Inform me how many rounds Fitzsimmons and Corbett fought at Carson City, March 17, 1897, and how was he put out? Fourteen rounds. A solar plexus blow incapacitated Corbett and he was counted out.

W. A., Fairfield, Ill.—How many hours a day will the World's Fair keep open? How many gates of ad-

Munroe is conceded to have won. 2. It was published recently in the POLICE GAZETTE. 3. The POLICE GAZETTE. 4. About 190 pounds. 5. By defeating the recognized champion of another country in an international battle for the title. 6. Yes, a fair one. 7. At lightweight.

ROONEY BEATS A BOER.

John J. Rooney, the Giant Gripman, defeated Peter Vimor, the Boer wrestler, in Chicago, on March 23, by

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EDWARD F. LONG.

President of the E. F. Long Association of New York City and an all-around Good Fellow.

securing two out of three falls. The first fall, at Græco-Roman, was won by Vimor in 11 minutes 25 seconds. Rooney won the next two falls, catch-as-catch-can style, in 4 minutes 20 seconds and 4 minutes 24 seconds.

CRIPPS IN TRAINING.

Arthur Cripps, the Australian middleweight champion, is in training in anticipation of a match with one of the Yankee middleweights in the near future. The Australian has taken up quarters at Johnson's road house on Jerome avenue, New York city.

THE ART OF REVIVING FIGHTERS.

Reviving a pugilist in a battle is just as much of an art as the proper training of a scrapper. Naturally this is the supreme duty of a second, but very few of them know how to do it properly. Not long ago when Jack O'Brien fought Tommy Ryan at Philadelphia, Kid McCoy, who was one of O'Brien's handlers, introduced a wrinkle which saved the day for his man. Usually whenever a fighter is knocked down from a punch and is in distress his second throws water on him to revive him. But the referees are not so strict in the matter as they should be and many infractions in this way have been overlooked.

O'Brien went to the floor from a left hook which Ryan delivered after the latter had been knocked down by O'Brien, and took the count. O'Brien was seemingly in a bad way and it looked as if he would not be able to get to his feet before the ten seconds were up. McCoy instinctively grabbed a sponge which he had in the corner and, dipping it in a bucket of cold water, threw it with all his force at O'Brien. The sponge caught the fallen pugilist in the small of the back and the blow caused the water to spray all over him. The cold water had an immediate effect and quickly revived O'Brien, who struggled to his feet and was able to last the round out. When he returned to his corner his seconds labored heroically and brought him around for the final round.

Of course, McCoy in doing this came within an ace of losing the bout for O'Brien, for when a sponge is thrown in the ring it is usually done as a token of defeat. But the referee could not act, as O'Brien got on his feet before he had time to question McCoy's procedure and the Quaker pugilist was ready to continue the encounter. McCoy said that the same trick aided him when he met Joe Choynski at the Broadway A. C., New York, in the Horton law days.

Choynski had knocked McCoy down and everybody thought the battle was over, and some of the spectators started to leave the building. McCoy's brother Homer was one of his seconds in that mill and he struck the Kid with a sponge and revived him. McCoy was barely able to regain his feet when the gong sounded.

Frank Erne thinks that cold water is more beneficial than smelling salts or other artificial means in any circumstances. He says that it should be used in all cases where a person has lost consciousness.

"In trying to revive a pugilist in a fight," said Erne, "one must do it skillfully. You must be careful not to produce too great a shock, for instead of helping it may be just the reverse. It is always best to reach the spine first, because this is usually where the fighter feels the most effect after he is smashed. The cold water refreshes him and his befogged faculties soon return. Of course, if he is not too far gone he will be able to get up unassisted, but when the punch has been very powerful there is no chance of bringing him to in a hurry. There is no real way of preventing a man from being knocked out, but moistening a man's temples with cold water as he leaves his chair will go a long way toward helping him to withstand any sudden shock or jar. Constant jabbing or swings will make a fighter dazed and render him liable to a knockout. But as long as his temples are moistened his nerves are strengthened, and he may be able to resist the shock. Smelling salts are all right in a pinch, but they only give temporary relief and often do more harm than good. In many instances I have known smelling salts to cloud a fighter's brain and at the first punch make him feel groggy."

It is easy to be strong and healthy. No. 2 of the "Police Gazette" athletic library, Prof. Ittmann's book on "Physical Culture by Means of Muscular Resistance," together with a series of breathing exercises, is what you want. Price, ten cents, with two cents added for postage.



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CHARLIE WARD.

Featherweight Boxer of the United States Cruiser Brooklyn who Learned the Art of Self Defense from the Police Gazette Boxing Book, and He Uses the Police Gazette Boxing Gloves exclusively, as do all the Members of the Ship's Pugilistic Club.

Manager makes matches, arranges transportation, collects gate money, pays bills, etc. Captain places the men in the field.

A. G., Schenectady, N. Y.—A bets Schenectady State League ball team are not champions of 1904 at present date; B bets they are; who wins? Yes, Schenectady won the New York State League championship in 1903 and will remain champions until the end of 1904.

Poker, Peoria, Ill.—A, B and C play draw poker; A opens the pot; B and C both stay; after the draw A bets; B calls; C raises; A lays down his hand and passes; B calls C, and C shows his hand and B says it is

mission are there where they sell tickets? Does the World's Fair keep open on Sunday? Write to Secretary Board of Managers, St. Louis, Mo.

R. F., Rock Bay, Vancouver, B. C.—Was there a fight in New York at the U. S. A. Hall a few years ago between Jeffries and Sharkey? It took place at Coney Island, a suburban resort near New York city.

A. H., Columbus, O.—A bet B that Terry McGovern won over Joe Gans; B bet A that McGovern never fought Joe Gans? B loses. McGovern and Gans fought in Chicago and McGovern won in two rounds.

F. W., Kansas City, Mo.—Who won in the Munroe-Sharkey fight, Feb. 27, 1904? Can you give Britt's record? Who is considered high authority on pugilism? What was Jeffries' weight the first time he fought Fitzsimmons? How could a man be champion of the world? Has Aurelia Herrera any record? What weight did Joe Gans and Gibbs fight at? 1.

If you are at all interested in athletics it will be to your interest to invest a dime in the "Police Gazette Sporting Annual" for 1904. Postage 2 cents extra.

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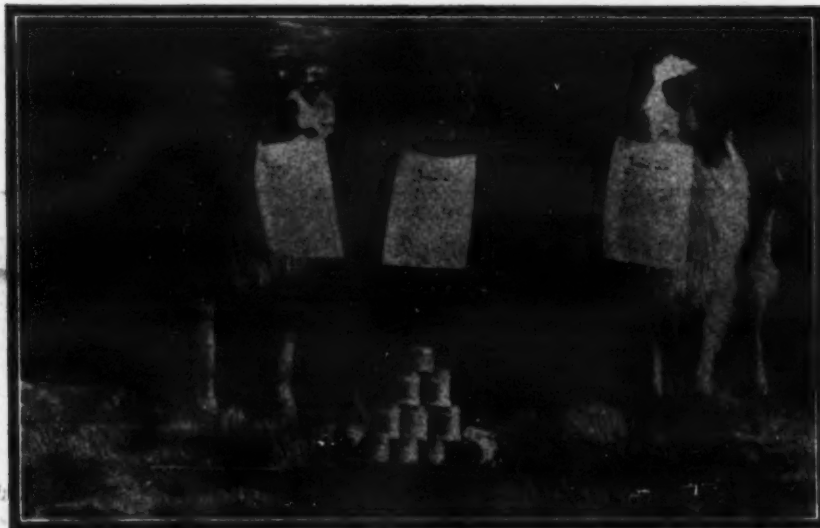
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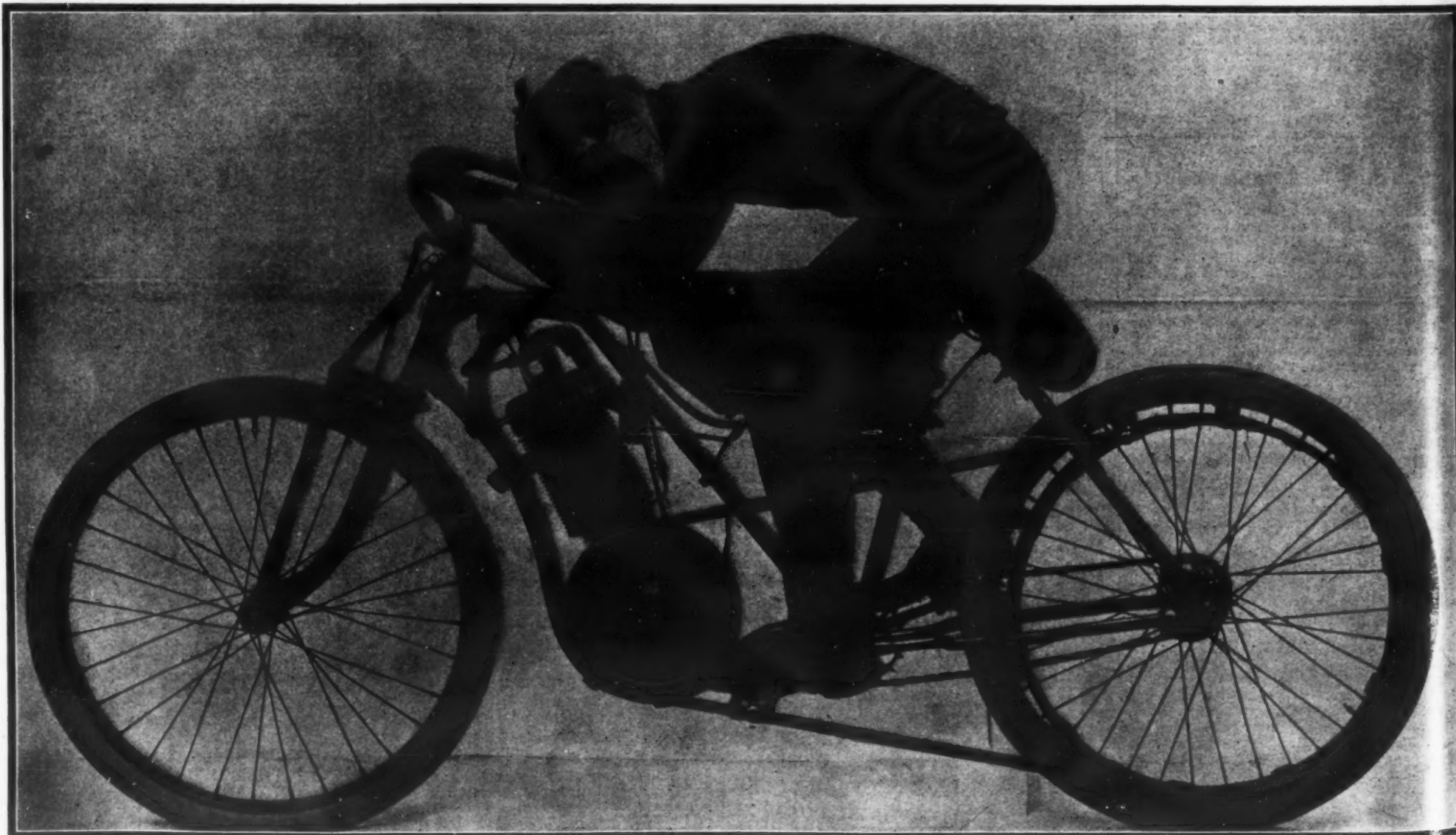
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THE FRIENDS OF THE EX-CHAMPION HEAVYWEIGHT FEAR THAT HE IS BREAKING
DOWN--HIS EYES ARE IN BAD SHAPE.

LEADING
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Send In New Drinks for the "Police Gazette" Medal.



John Santemauro, of 217 Mott street, New York city, is a popular saloonist, a member of many social and political organizations and a prominent member of the Fraternal Order of Eagles and the Italian Pioneer Corps. Mr. Santemauro has many years experience as a saloonist and enjoys the patronage of some of the most prominent people of the east side of the city.

PRIZES FOR BARTENDERS.

Come and get the trophies.
Think of a new drink.
Have you any ambition?
Don't you know that if you win a "Police Gazette" medal success knocks at your door, and that advance from that time on is rapid.
There are many good positions in fine establishments for the man who has a "Police Gazette" trophy.
Here are the prizes:
First Prize—\$75.00 Gold Medal.
Second Prize—\$50.00 Gold Medal.
Third Prize—\$25.00 Gold Medal.

SULLY'S DREAM.
(By E. G. De Ganteaux, Corner Canal and Vine Streets, Cincinnati, Ohio.)

Use large mixing glass; one-half jigger Creme de Vanilla; one-half jigger brandy; one spoon sugar; fill with milk, shake well, strain and serve.

ALPINE CLUB PUNCH.
(By J. L. Rapp, Hoffman House, Derby, Conn.)
Juice of half a lemon; large teaspoonful of sugar; three dashes orange bitters; pony glass Maraschino; wine glass of Rhine wine; fill up with cracked ice; mix well, trim with fruit in season and serve with straws.

MARGU'RET'S DREAM.
(By J. H. Thomas, Gold Dust Saloon, David City, Neb.)
Mixing glass half full of ice; juice of half a lemon; two bar spoons of sugar; whiskey glass full of gin; two-thirds jigger raspberry syrup; fill balance mixing glass with cream; shake well, strain and serve with straws.

GLADIATOR COCKTAIL.
(By Patrick C. Flanagan, Manager Waubun Cafe, 66 Cedar street, New York City.)
Use regular mixing glass; one dash orange bitters; one-third French Vermouth; two-thirds Sloe gin; fill with fine ice; stir and strain into cocktail glass; add twist of lemon peel and serve.

MINER'S BRACE-UP.
(By John S. O'Grady, 300 S. Second St., Camden, N. J.)
One tablespoonful fine sugar; three dashes Maraschino; two dashes lemon juice; two dashes Angostura bitters; one-half wine glass Old Tom gin; one-half wine glass sherry wine; cracked ice; stir well; strain; use cocktail glass; trim with fruits.

LOUISIANA PURCHASE BRACER.
(By George E. Mitchell, Pattison Cafe, 825 Locust street, St. Louis, Mo.)

Put about half a wine glass of water and nearly the same amount of lime juice in a glass, together with a spoonful of powdered sugar; then add some cracked ice, a jigger of whiskey, a dash of Jamaica rum, and the same of acid phosphate; after this comes a wine glass full of seltzer and same amount of claret; shake well and strain the liquid from the ice.

STACY TOOK THE PICTURE.

Stacy, the well-known Brooklyn photographer, who is famed for his sporting pictures, took the portrait of Harry Newhouse, which appeared in a recent issue of the POLICE GAZETTE.

SYPHILIS
CURED
MARVELOUS SERUM
BY OUR
TOXIN TREATMENT
We are daily in receipt of letters from former patients stating this happy fact. What we have done for these patients we can do for you. Mercury and potash are only surface treatments. Hot Springs treatment gives only temporary relief. Thousands of discouraged graduates of these "so called" cures are to-day living witnesses of the wonderful cures obtained through our treatment. THE INTERNATIONAL SERUM TOXIN COMPANY guarantees to absolutely eradicate every trace of syphilis from the blood. This guarantee is backed by the largest medical institute in the world. Why continue to suffer? You can take this positive cure at your own home. Do not waste precious time on so called blood "specifics" or "purifiers." They cannot cure you and every moment's delay is dangerous. If you have ever had syphilis, and have not taken our treatment, you should do so at once. THE INTERNATIONAL SERUM TOXIN is the only cure for syphilis in the primary, secondary or tertiary stage. We mail free in plain envelope "Completely Cured in Twelve Weeks" and our valuable medical treatise "Hope." This treatise describes in plain language the ravages of this terrible disease and how you can receive this only cure privately at home.
THE INTERNATIONAL SERUM TOXIN COMPANY
Suite 752,
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PERSONAL.
MARRY

WEALTH - BEAUTY
Marriage Directory Free to All. Pay when married. Entirely new plan. Send no money for particulars. SELECT CLUB, Dept. 25, TEKONSHA, MICH.

12 LOVE LETTERS read two ways and bound to suit, 10c. postpaid, 6 Se-cret Photos, 10 cents postpaid; Rare Collection of 14 pictures of a couple before and after marriage, with a mass of other interesting matter, 10 cents postpaid, or everything described in this advertisement for 35 cents postpaid. JOHN H. HARRIS, Dept. P. G. 168 Hamlin Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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MARRIAGE PAPER—Best Published—Free. H. Y. GUNNELS, Toledo, Ohio.

MARRIAGE Directory Free. Best published. (Sent sealed). Directory Co., 38, Marshall, Mich.

12 LOVE LETTERS, 12 the best you ever read, read TWO ways, one to suit, 10c. 12 Secret Photos, 10c. A. R. H. CO., 611 So. CHICAGO

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If You Want Everything Clean and Bright, Try

BAR KEEPERS' FRIEND
METAL POLISH.
Pound box 25c. at Druggists and Dealers.

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This ELEGANT Watch \$3.75
Before you buy a watch out this out and send to us with your name and address, and we will send you by express for examination a handsome WATCH AND CHAIN C. O. D. \$3.75. Double hunting case beautifully engraved, stem wind and stem set, fitted with richly jeweled movement and guaranteed a correct timekeeper; with long Gold-plated chain for Ladies or vest chain for Gents. If you consider it equal to any \$35.00 GOLD FILLED WATCH Warranted 30 YEARS pay the express agent \$3.75 and it is yours. Our 10 year guarantee sent with each watch. Mention if you want Gents' or Ladies' size. Address H. PARKER & CO., 644, 25 Quincy St., CHICAGO.

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Young Men and Boys
Can Make Big Money Selling

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\$75,000.00
IN CASH GIVEN AWAY.
To arouse interest in, and to advertise the GREAT ST. LOUIS WORLD'S FAIR, this enormous sum will be distributed. Full information will be sent you ABSOLUTELY FREE. Just send your name and address on a postal card and we will send you full particulars.
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allowed on all our bicycles. We SHIP ON APPROVAL without a cent deposit; any wheel not satisfactory returned at our expense.
Highest grade \$8.75 to \$17
1904 Models
Coaster Brakes, Hedgehornes Puncture proof Tires and best equipment.
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good as new
Great Factory Clearing Sale at half Factory Cost.
RIDER AGENTS WANTED
in each town to take orders from sample wheel furnished by us. Our agents make big profits. Write at once for catalogues and our Special Offer.
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CURES EYES RED EYE LIDS SCALING ON LIDS GRANULATION, INFLAMMATION, ETC. BRIGHTENS DULL EYES, CURES PINK EYE 50¢ AT DRUGGISTS OR OPTICIANS, OR BY MAIL.
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25 men and women to work in mammoth palmistry studio. \$20 weekly and expenses; experience unnecessary; illustrated palmistry book with instructions for 2 tips. Prof. Frederick, 213 W. 125th St., N. Y. Fair dept. 168.

\$2 \$2 GOOD LOOKING DIAMONDS
Manufactured. Acme of the Lapidary's art. Regensburg Diamonds, set in solid gold filled, ONLY \$2. Money returned if not satisfactory. J. REGAN & CO., 415-421 Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL.

All sporting records will be found in the "Police Gazette Annual" for 1904, as well as thirty fine half-tone illustrations. 10 cents. Postage 2 cents extra.

LOVE CHARM How to make anyone love you with true & everlasting love. Safe, sure and harmless, for old or young. Acts quickly. Full secret 10c. (silver). WHISKY SUPPLY CO., No. 596 Austin St., Chicago

RUBBER FOR YOUR PENCIL
3 FOR 30c. or 6 FOR 50c. in Stamps or Silver. BOX 87, South Bend, Ind.

SHORT AND SWEET GOODS.
Particulars free. Write at once. No postals answered. ROYAL CO., BOX 507, MCCOOK, NEB.

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All Blood and Skin Diseases Cured PERMANENTLY where everything else has failed, no matter how old or how bad. Write for testimonials and particulars. Lopez Remedy Co., Dept. C, Wichita, Kan.

THE BIG C CURE
in 1 to 5 days.
GUARANTEED not to suture. Prevents Contagion. THE EVANS CHEMICAL CO., GINGHAMTOWN, U. S. A.
MEN AND WOMEN. Use Big C for unnatural discharges, inflammations, irritations or ulcerations of mucous membranes. Painless, and not straining or poisonous. Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for \$1.00, or 3 bottles \$2.75. Circular sent on request.

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or contagious Blood Poison, producing copper-colored spots, pimples, sore throat, aches, old sores, ulcers, etc., quickly, positively and forever cured without the use of Mercury or Iodine of Potash, by the wonderful HERBALIS COMPOUND, a few weeks' use of which makes a clean, healthy being, after complete failure with Hot Springs and other treatment. Full information, and a bottle for trial, sent free of charge to all sufferers. Address, PROF. F. C. FOWLER, New London, Conn.

"NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL"
Tarrant's Extract of Cubebs and Copaiba, the TASTELESS, CERTAIN and SAFE cure for all natural or infectious discharges from urinary organs. Cures quicker than any other remedy. Causes no stricture. At druggists \$1.00, or by mail in sealed packages from THE TARRANT COMPANY, 21 JAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

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Standard remedy for Gleet, Gonorrhea and Runnings IN 48 HOURS. Cures Kidney and Bladder Troubles.

FREE CURE FOR MEN.
A receipt which quickly restores Natural Size, Perfect Vigor and Nerve force to small, Shrunk and Weak Sexual Organs. DR. KNAPP MED. CO., 797 Hull Bldg., Detroit, Mich. Gladly send this wonderful receipt free to suffering men.

GONORRHEA OR GLEET
Discharges stopped by Citrosandalone Capsules in 48 hours. Don't waste time experimenting. Try them at once. Expense. Money refunded if they fail. Guaranteed cure in 5 days. By mail \$1. Citrosandalone Co., 66 B'way, N. Y.

Dr. Caton's Tansy Pills
Believe in 1 to 3 days, with no inconvenience. A Safe, Easy and Effective home treatment. \$1. Special Ex. \$2 p.p. Book and Testimonials Free. All druggists, or CATON SPEC. CO., Boston, Mass.

HANDSOME MUSTACH OR LOVELY HAIR
Grows with our TURKISH HAIR GROWER in 3 weeks at no cost. No more bald heads or smooth faces. No need every package and offer \$100 bonus this is the greatest, a treat, also harmless. Full treatment, 25c. 3 for \$1.00. Avoid dangerous imitations. TREMONT MFG. CO., Ste. A, Boston, Mass.

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\$3 a Day Sure
Send us your address and we will show you how to make \$3 a day absolutely sure, we furnish the work and teach you free, you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully, remember we guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work, absolutely sure. Write at once. ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 1107, Detroit, Mich.

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Here's a Chance for Some Tonsorial
Record Breaker.



Paul Castiglia, of 16 East Third street, Mount Vernon, N. Y., is a well known tonsorialist with many years experience, and has been employed in some of the best shops in New York. He is an ardent admirer of the POLICE GAZETTE and takes an active interest in sports.

MEDALS FOR BARBERS.

The wish of the slender razor on the strop and the clip of shears are telling great stories these days. They are telling of thousands of barbers who are trying for three handsome "Police Gazette" medals.

Send for entry blanks for yourself and friends. Here are the events and prizes:
First Prize—\$75.00 gold medal to the man who lathers and shaves the greatest number of men in 30 minutes.
Second Prize—\$50.00 gold medal for the quickest and most artistic hair cut, military style, using scissors and comb only.
Third Prize—\$25.00 for the quickest single shave, the contestant to do the lathering.

HANLON AND O'NEILL IN FAST BOUT

Eddie Hanlon, the California featherweight, on March 26 came within an ace of receiving a surprise package, somewhat similar to that handed to Young Corbett and Kid Carter the night before. Hanlon stacked up against Jack O'Neill at the National A. C., Philadelphia, in a six-round bout, but it came near ending in the third round, when the bell came as a welcome relief to the lad from the coast.

The bout was a terrific one from beginning to end and had the championship hinged on the result, the boys could not have fought harder.

The real fighting came in the third, when O'Neill landed on Hanlon's jaw with a hard left and followed with his right to the same spot. He forced Eddie into a neutral corner and swung his right and left to the jaw and the Californian looked to the bad as the bell rang. He had, however, left his mark on O'Neill as the blood flowed freely from Jack's nasal organ.

Billy Rocap, who refereed the bout, had to break the pair frequently, because of O'Neill's repeated clinchings. A right and left on the jaw almost sent O'Neill to the mat in the fifth round.

Hanlon started the sixth round like a whirlwind and swung for O'Neill's jaw with a vicious right. It was short, however, and just grazed Jack's shoulder. Hanlon had all the better of the round, and O'Neill did nothing more than clinch until the bell.

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MUSCULAR RESISTANCE

Together with a Series of

BREATHING EXERCISES

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YOUNG AND OLD.
Send for my FREE
BLUE BOOK, which treats of all physical
afflictions. Sealed and without marks.
My scientific treatment and advice,
based upon 25 years of successful practice
in AMERICA and EUROPE, will
help you. Dr. H. H. KANE, 136 West
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WE ARE LOOKING FOR THE MAN the Doctor Failed to Cure

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The most successful remedy in the world for
GONORRHOEA AND GLEET
GUARANTEED to cure when all others fail.
POSITIVELY cures in from ONE to FIVE DAYS.
Sold by Druggists or sent in plain wrapper by
Express pre-paid for \$2.00.
THE JOHN THOMAS CHEMICAL CO.
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SURE PREVENTATIVE

NO MORE

CONORRHOEA OR GLEET

By using FREVO you will never have
these disagreeable diseases. TWENTY
TREATMENTS sent in plain package \$1.
Sanitary Supply Co., Box 385, Lynn, Mass.

MEN ANY AGE.

Made young, strong and vigorous by Dr. Younsouf's
celebrated TURKISH CEMENT. It is guaran-
teed to greatly increase the size, vigor and power of the
sexual organs. A small box mailed sealed in plain
wrapper for 20c. stamps or silver. Large box \$1.00.
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To weak men—the formula used by my husband,
the late Dr. Parker, in the cure of Failing or Lost Man-
hood, sent free by Mrs. Parker, administratrix of his
estate. I am now free sample, deposit or C.O.D. fakir. Send
stamp. Mrs. H. C. Parker, 95 A St., Toledo, O.

NIGHT LOSSES

stopped immediately by my
latest invention. Guaranteed or money re-
funded. Prepaid \$2.00. Dr. Sylvester, Sacramento, Cal.

A SECRET

For weak or undeveloped men.
New Idea Co., G. S. Marshall, Mich.

TWO GREAT BOOKS.

The Art of Wrestling, By Geo. Bothner.

Price 25 cents, postage 4 cents extra.

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Price 25 cents, postage 3 cents extra.

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To make their own toilet waters. "Florida"
is the secret. One box makes a gallon of
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Write for free sample and booklet. T. H.
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BARBER SHOP AND BATHS IN WORLD'S
FAIR HOTEL. Fifty thousand people
flocked. Grand opportunity. 735 ODD
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Send 50c. for our Black Head
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CARDS CRAP DICE DROP CASE.
6 dks., \$5. 10 dks., \$10. RACE HORSE WHEEL.
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EXPERT WORK

Dice, \$5 per set. Cards, \$1.
Great Free Catalogue.
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NEW DEVICE

for operating any hold-out, \$25.
Free catalogue of New Improved Hold-
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Sure winners. J. JAMES MFG. CO., Fort Scott, Kan.

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That get the money. \$3.00.
Marked cards, etc. Cat. free.
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\$2 per set. Marked Cards \$1. Inks,
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Sample pack, stamped back playing cards
sent WITH KEY for 35 cents.
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Sample free. Cards, Dice.
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100 Varieties. Sloan Novelty, Sta. S, Phila., Pa.

SYPHILIS

FACTS of Vital Importance to Every Sufferer From Syphilis

FACT ONE—It takes time to tell
whether you are permanently cured by a
treatment, or merely patched up for the
present.

FACT TWO—The Cook Remedy Co. is
the only company or medical association
in existence that has been treating Syphilis
long enough to know that its patients
are cured to stay cured.

FACT THREE—The Cook Remedy Co.
has many patients who were cured by its
magic remedy eighteen years ago, who are
today sound and well.

FACT FOUR—Many patients that were
cured by the Cook Remedy Co. eighteen
years ago now have children grown to
manhood and womanhood in perfect health
and without a blemish.

FACT NINE—Good health is the most

FACT FIVE—The Cook Remedy Co.
is the largest and the only successful
company in the world that makes the
cure of Syphilis a specialty.

FACT SIX—Patients cured by Cook
Remedy Co. are constantly passing suc-
cessfully the very rigid examinations of the
most conservative life insurance com-
panies, and are passing the examinations
for admission to the army and navy of the
United States.

FACT SEVEN—If you take Cook
Remedy Co.'s treatment under their guar-
antee you are absolutely sure of a cure or
your money back.

FACT EIGHT—Every other method
of treatment known to the medical profes-
sion gives but temporary relief.

Important thing in the world to any person.

ABOVE NINE FACTS ARE ABSOLUTELY UNDENIABLE.

The Cook Remedy Co. solicit the most
obstinate cases and challenge the world for a
case they cannot cure. This disease has
always baffled the skill of the most eminent
physicians. For many years the Cook Remedy
Co. have made a specialty of treating this dis-
ease, and they have unlimited capital behind
their unconditional guaranty.

You can be treated at home for the same
price and with the same guaranty. With
those who prefer to go to Chicago the Cook
Remedy Co. will contract to cure them or pay
railroad and hotel bills and make no charge
if they fail to cure.

SYPHILIS begins usually with a little
blister or sore, then swelling in the groins, a
red eruption breaks out on the body, sores
and ulcers appear in the month, the throat
becomes ulcerated, the hair, eyebrows and
lashes fall out, and as the blood becomes more
contaminated, copper-colored spots and

postular eruptions and sores appear upon
different parts of the body, and the poison
even destroys the bones.

The Cook Remedy Co. has a specific for
this loathsome disease, and cures it even in
its worst forms. It is a perfect antidote for
the powerful virus that pollutes the blood and
penetrates to all parts of the system. Unless
you get this poison out of your blood it will
ruin you and bring disgrace and disease upon
your children, for it can be transmitted from
parent to child.

Write for the Cook Remedy Co.'s free home
treatment book and learn all about Syphilis.
If you want medical advice give a history of
your case, and their physicians will furnish
all the information you wish without any
charge whatever.

Your salvation depends on Cook Remedy
Co., and on them alone. They will surely
cure you. No other method of treatment
will cure you.

WHY HESITATE ONE DAY IN BEGINNING THIS WONDERFUL CURE?

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VIM VIGOR VITALITY FOR MEN



Mormon Bishops' Pills have been
in use over 50 years. Positively cures
the worst cases in old and young arising
from effects of self abuse, dissipation,
excesses or cigarette smoking. Cures
Lost Manhood, Impotency,
Lost Power, Night Losses, Sper-
matorrhea, Insomnia, Pains
in Back, Evil Desires, Seminal
Emissions, Lame Back, Ner-
vous Debility, Headache, Un-
fitness to Marry, Loss of Semen, Varicocele
or Constipation, Stops Prematureness,
Stops Nervous Twitching of the Eyelids.
Effects are immediate. Imparts vigor and potency
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organs. Stimulates the brain and nerve cen-
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A free recipe which quickly restores those afflicted
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I found in the Philippine Islands a won-
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shrunken organs at any age. In proof I
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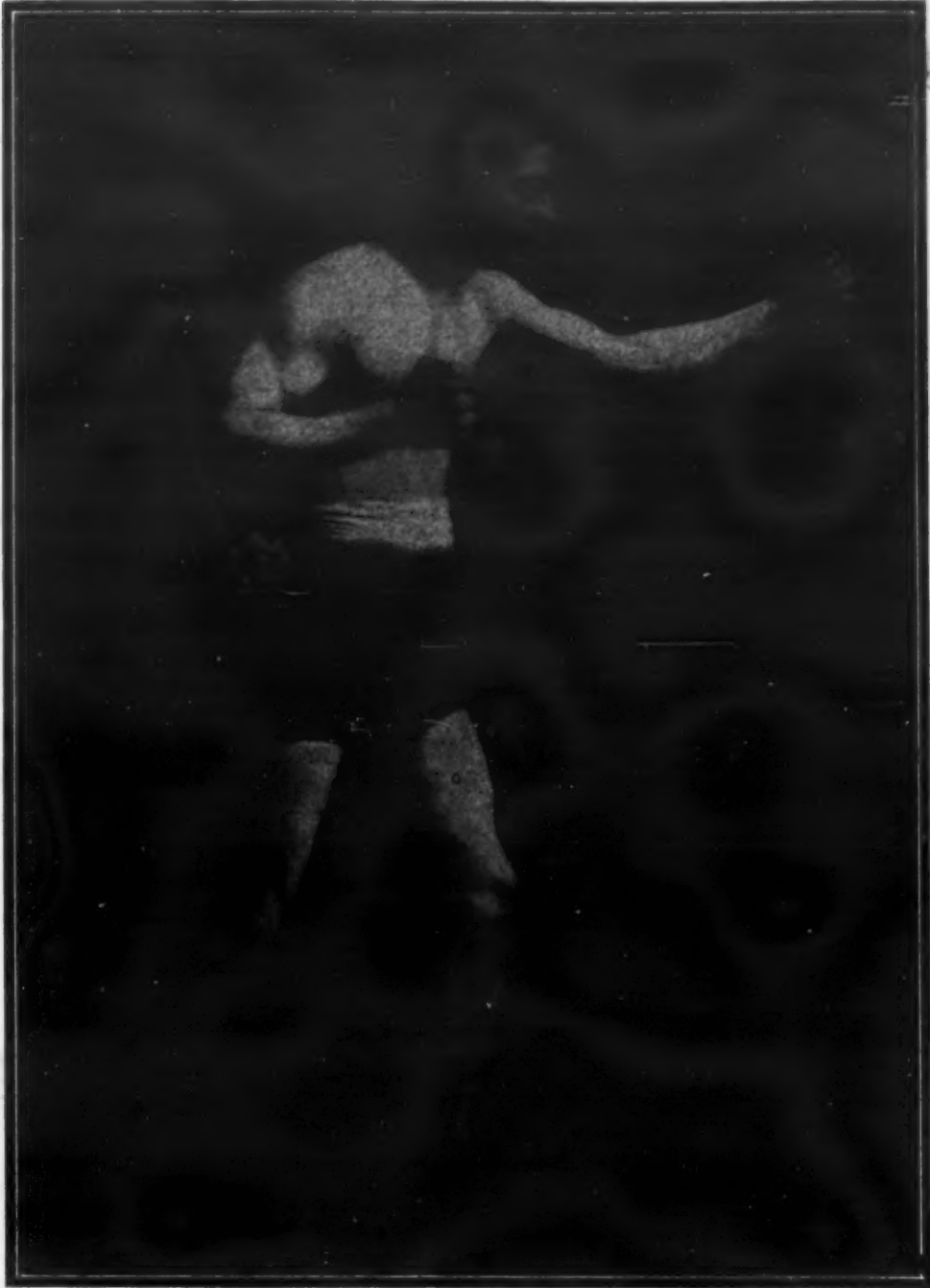
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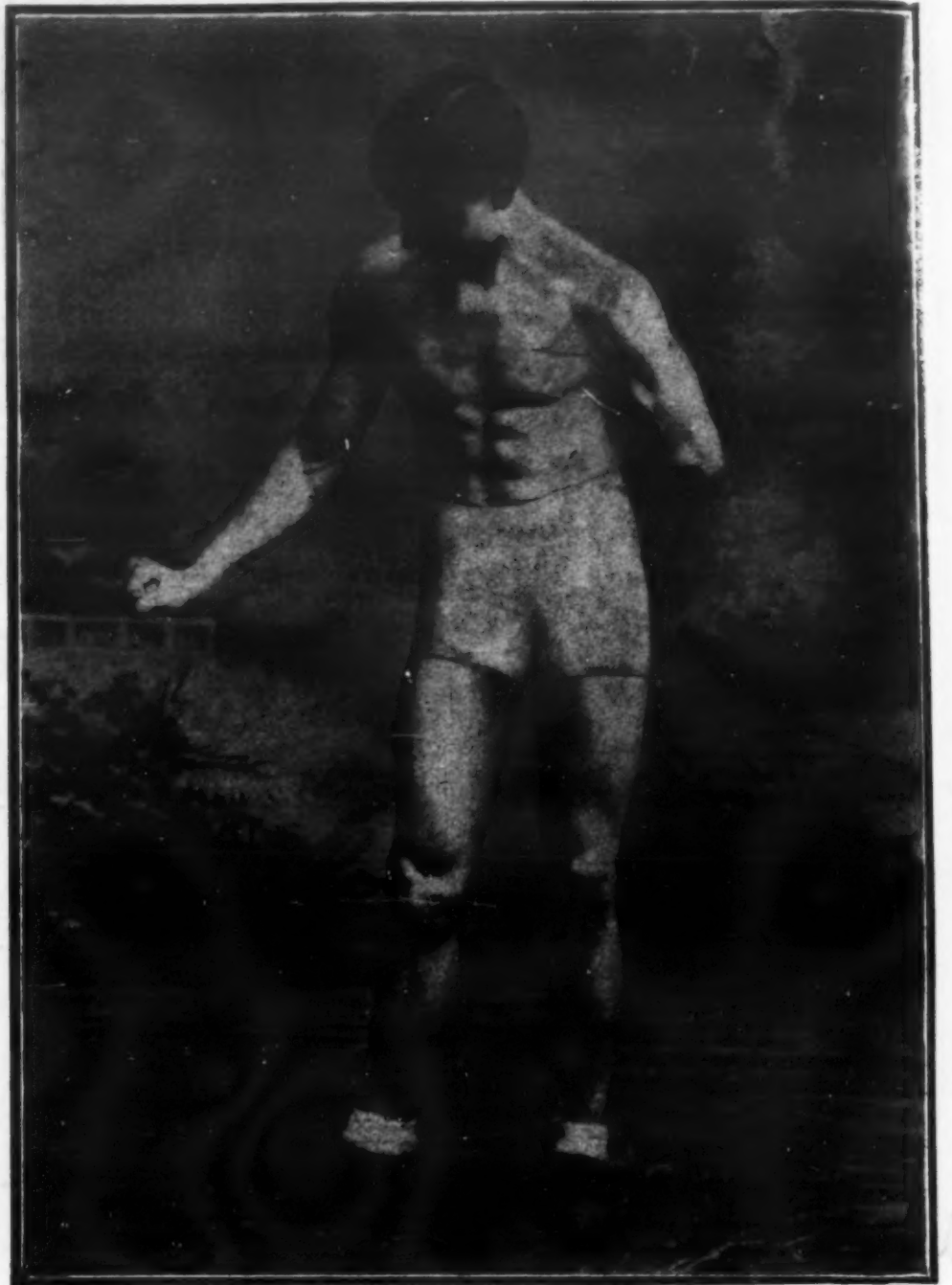
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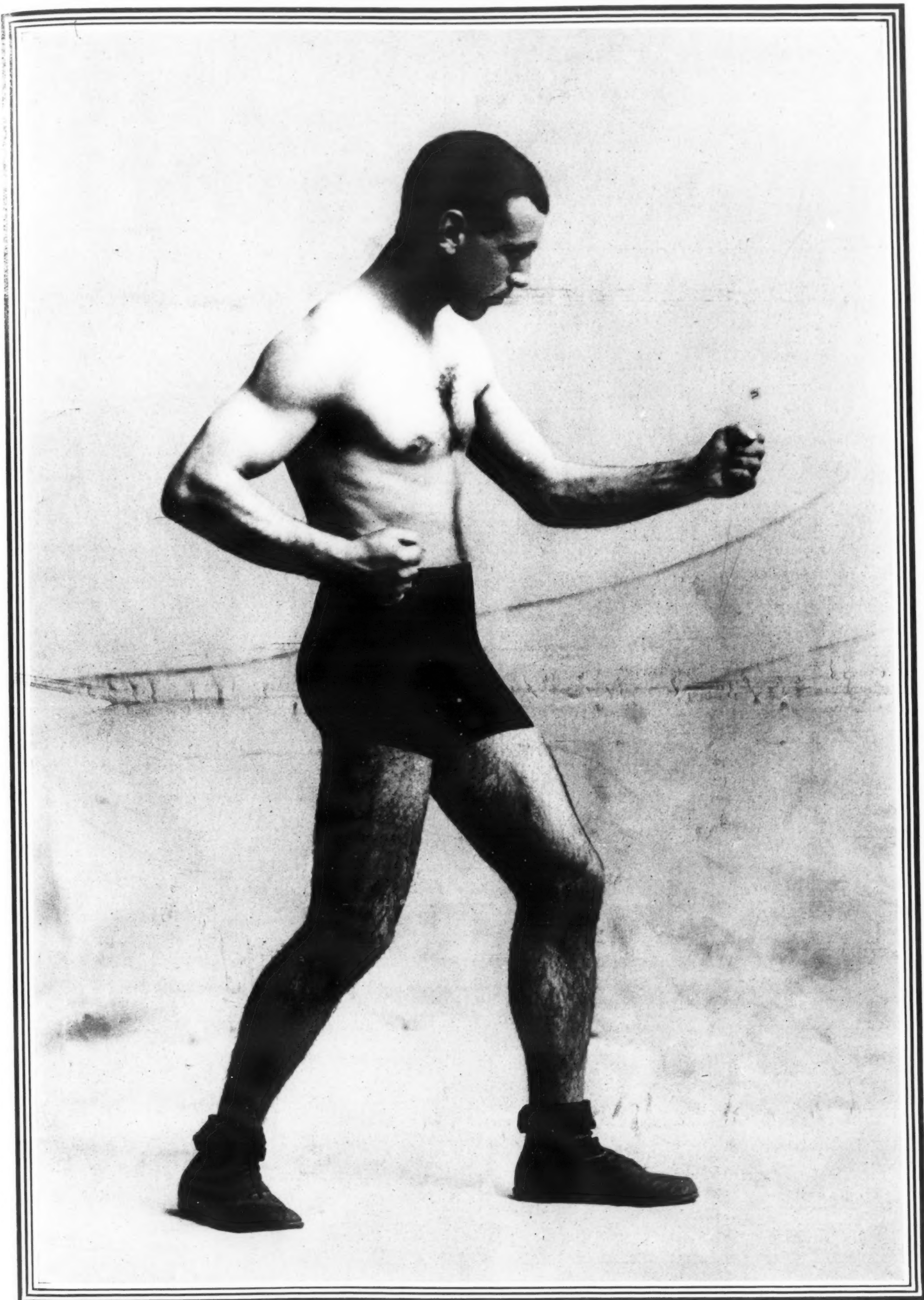


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